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October 8, 1941



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Compton Collier

The Countess of Ronaldshay and Her Children

Lady Ronaldshay and her two small children were photographed at her father-in-law's Yorkshire home, Aske, near Richmond. Her husband, who is in the Yorkshire Yeomanry, is the elder son of Marquess and Marchioness of Zetland. She was Miss Penelope Pike before her 1936 marriage; is the daughter of Colonel Ebenezer Pike, of Ditcham Park, Petersfield, Hants. Her son, Lawrence Mark, Lord Dundas, will be four in December, and her baby daughter, Lady Serena Jane Dundas, was born last year



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Hitler Flounders

LET us be wishful. The removal of Baron von Neurath from his "protectorship" of Bohemia and Moravia is significant. Hitler is being driven to extreme courses. In fact, it can be argued that he's floundering right off his course. In these circumstances the stolid von Neurath is of no use to him. I doubt very much if von Neurath ever wanted to be a Nazi "protector." Knowing him, I am certain that he is relieved to be "relieved" of his post. He belongs to the old school of German statesmen. Formerly German Ambassador in Rome, then Ambassador in London, von Neurath finally became Foreign Minister. He has given the Nazi Party an air of respectability. As such he has been useful to Hitler. This applies in some respects to von Papen. But neither von Neurath nor von Papen has been popular in the Nazi Party. Both are suspect.

Rumour says that von Neurath has been associating with a group of German industrialists who are anxious to make peace. This would not surprise me in the least. He must be worried about the fate of Germany, now that she is involved in a world war with Britain, Soviet Russia and the United States ranged against her. The former German Foreign Minister knows what that means, if Hitler does not. I remember seeing von Neurath at the Munich conference between Hitler and

the late Neville Chamberlain. The crowd gave him a hearty cheer when he appeared in the street. In contrast, von Ribbentrop got very few cheers. I drew von Neurath's attention to this fact some time later. He hadn't missed it; but his only response was a self-satisfied smile and a wink.

Mass Murders

BY installing a killer in the Hradcany Palace at Prague Hitler pursues the course of force, and still more force. The man who set out to conquer Europe by power politics—and met his first reverse when the Poles resisted—must know this is the wrong way. There are New Disorders every day; and no New Order. This must embitter Hitler. And not only Hitler, but also those who imagined that his mystic powers would bring certain and easy victory.

Now the mystic has turned mass murderer. He is set on murdering nations, not men—France, Norway, Belgium, Holland, Czechoslovakia. These are not new methods; they are medieval. Hitler is trying to smash his way out.

Pope and President

AFTER his audiences with the Pope, Mr. Myron C. Taylor is back in Washington to tell President Roosevelt what the head of the Catholic Church thinks about Hitler. Apparently the Pope is quite definitely anti-Hitler

(as well he should be after the sufferings of Catholics in Europe), but his anxiety is how to reconcile any public denunciation of the Nazi regime with what might seem to be support of the resisting Communist forces of Soviet Russia.

In this respect it is interesting to recall that on the outbreak of the German-Russo war President Roosevelt made a condition of American aid that the Soviet Government should accord religious tolerance throughout Russia. Since then M. Maisky, the Soviet Ambassador in London, has emphasised more than once that there is full religious freedom in Russia.

Thus Mr. Taylor's talks with the Pope assume considerable importance. On behalf of President Roosevelt he suggested that the Pope should take leadership of the religious front against the anti-Christ forces loosed and led by Hitler.

German Reactions

THERE may be something more than coincidence in the outspoken sermons of Count von Galen, Bishop of Münster. He has preached against the persecutions of the Gestapo. He has not hesitated to protest to Hitler. Finally he has condemned the Nazi practice of killing incurable and insane German subjects. The Bishop would hardly do this unless he had some backing from the Vatican. The Church militant which President Roosevelt would rouse to action may yet deal Hitler a mortal blow.

Once again it is worth noting that the Bishop of Münster—like von Neurath and von Papen—is an aristocrat with family traditions in Westphalia. Any break in Germany—if ever it comes—will be from the top.

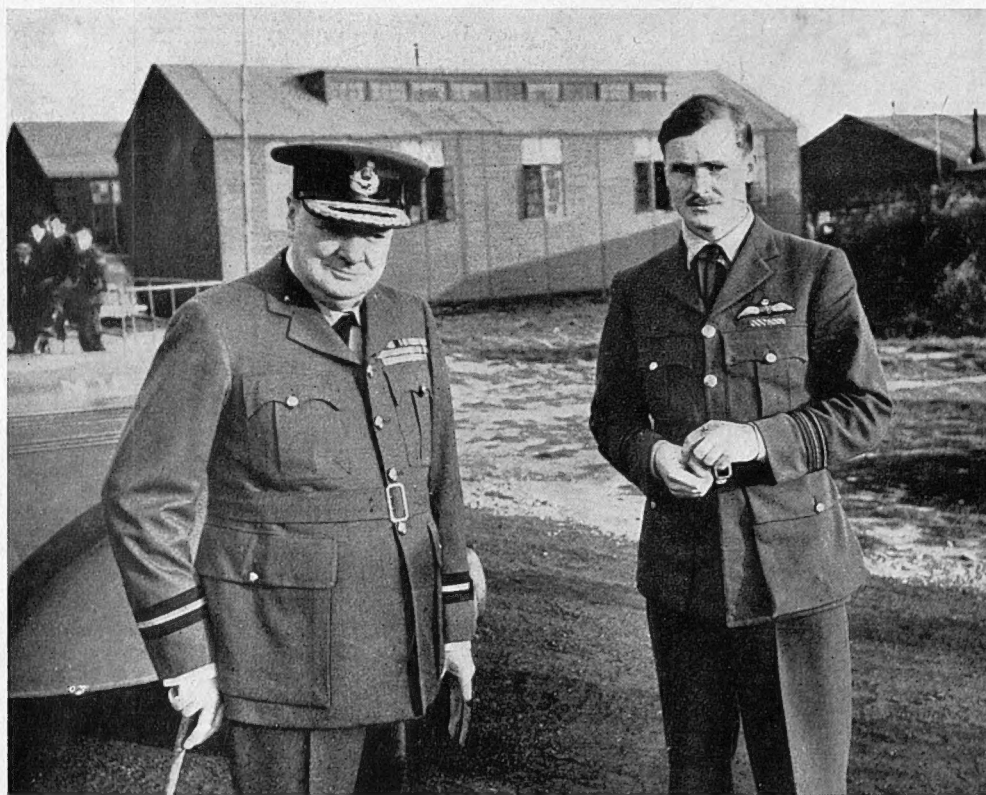
But we must balance wishfulness against facts. If there is a peace party in Germany we can rest assured that von Papen is in touch with the members, in the same way as he maintains close contact with the non-Nazis of the German General Staff. The German army is the key to any development. At the moment it is involved in a bloody struggle against the Russian military machine and no matter how much the generals might agree with von Papen and von Neurath, they cannot pull out while German military honour is involved in this way.

Promotion by Merit

WHEN Major Randolph Churchill, the Prime Minister's only son, was appointed to an administrative post on the staff of Captain Oliver Lyttelton, Minister of State, in Cairo, questions were asked in the House of Commons. Some of them hinted at nepotism. A friend back from Cairo tells the facts. Major Churchill was selected for Press liaison work in Captain Lyttelton's office because of his newspaper experience and without his father's knowledge. He is now filling the post with considerable energy and merit.

Major Churchill interrupted his newspaper work when the Munich Pact was signed in 1938 to join the Supplementary Reserve of Officers. After doing three months' intensive training, he returned to his job on the *Evening Standard*. On the outbreak of the war he rejoined his unit and volunteered for duty with one of the raiding units, which requires special training. This took him to the Western Desert.

Recently Major Churchill received an air-graph from his youngest sister, Mary—their likeness is most striking as photographs show—telling him that she had joined the A.T.S. as a private. She did this on her own initiative; but after the Prime Minister had given parental consent he wrote to her commanding officer insisting that his daughter must be treated in the same way as any other recruit. So Mary had to scrub the floor of her hut—and like it.



Air Commodore W. S. Churchill Visits No. 615 Squadron

Mr. Churchill has been Honorary Air Commodore of No. 615 Fighter Squadron since 1939 when it was then a squadron of the A.A.F. Wearing the uniform appropriate to his honorary Air Force rank (and three rows of war-medal ribbons), the Prime Minister recently visited No. 615, going round the aerodrome and having tea in the officers' mess. He was photographed with the commanding officer, a twice-decorated squadron-leader. Mr. Churchill made his first flight in 1912; was Secretary of State for Air from 1918 to 1921



Lord Mayors of London, Retiring and Elect

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir John Laurie (with beard) was chosen last week to be the next Lord Mayor of London in succession to Sir George Wilkinson (second from left). He is a member of the Stock Exchange, head of Laurie, Milbank and Co., and Prime Warden of the Saddlers' Company. He is a bachelor, and his sister-in-law, Lady Laurie, wife of Brigadier Sir Percy Laurie, is to act as Lady Mayoress. With the Lord Mayors here are the Sword-bearer, Mr. W. T. Boston, and the Acting Common Crier (the Common Crier, Commander J. R. Poland, R.N., is on active service)



Mr. Myron Taylor Comes Home

Mr. Myron C. Taylor, President Roosevelt's Special Envoy to the Vatican, spent two or three days in London on his way from Rome to New York, and saw Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden as well as Mr. Winant and other prominent Americans here, giving them first-hand news of the state of affairs in Italy. Mr. Taylor is understood to be taking back the Pope's reply to Mr. Roosevelt's letter to His Holiness

Shy Ministers

CAPTAIN OLIVER LYTTTELTON is the first of our Ministers serving abroad to exercise his right to resume his seat in the House of Commons while temporarily back in London. Sir Stafford Cripps did not do so when he was home from Moscow, and neither has Mr. Malcolm MacDonald (who is High Commissioner in Canada) nor Sir Samuel Hoare, Ambassador in Spain. They seem too shy; or probably they think that their diplomatic duties should not be brought into conflict with Parliamentary responsibilities. The case of Captain Lyttelton is probably different. Whereas the three I have mentioned have received certificates from the Prime Minister enabling them to retain their seats in Parliament while occupying posts of profit under the Crown, Captain Lyttelton is actually a member of the War Cabinet working in a branch office in Cairo.

Naturally, his arrival in London, after the secret departure of General Sir Archibald Wavell has caused a lot of speculation. In Cairo Captain Lyttelton organises the flow of war supplies; and there is a lot of talk about an expeditionary force to the Caucasus. The project is officially denied.

Army Co-operation

THOSE who imagined that Sir Archibald Wavell would be side-tracked when he was switched from the Middle East command to be Commander-in-Chief in India have been proved wrong. No sooner had the General established his headquarters in Simla than news began to flow from there. News communiqués from Simla, as from Cairo in General Wavell's day, are most informative.

Reading the Simla communiqués enables one to speculate why he flew to London. My first guess would be that he came to make recommendations to the War Cabinet about the future co-operation between the India and Middle East commands so that confusion may be avoided now that the war is moving East.

Clearly Sir Archibald received some definite instructions from the War Cabinet for from London he flew to Bagdad to meet Sir Claude Auchinleck, his successor in Egypt, and commanding officers from Palestine, Syria and Iraq. Equally interesting to note is that air officers commanding these districts were also present.

But when General Wavell was asked—in an alarmingly frank interview with newspaper correspondents—about the Caucasian expeditionary force he declared that “foreign radios are not always correct.”

Mission for Information

SIR WALTER MONCKTON, Director-General of the Ministry of Information, is about to go to Moscow. His journey may be part of a longish tour which will include a visit to Cairo and other places. But his immediate object is to increase co-operation between the information services of the Soviet Government and our own.

Correspondents in Moscow complain with the same bitterness as they did in London in the early days of the war that they cannot get news in Moscow. Some of them want to throw up their assignments and return to London. Dark and suave-mannered, Sir Walter Monckton has always fought hard for the publication of the maximum amount of information. Many a night he has been awakened from his brief slumber to be importuned by the newspapers. Many a time has he threatened to resign his post if more news were not made available for publication. If Sir Walter has found the mandarins of Whitehall implacable, how much more difficult will his task in Moscow be? But fortunately Sir Walter is not easily daunted.

Diplomatic Prisoner

SIR LANCELOT OLIPHANT had spent most of his life in the Foreign Office in Whitehall when he was sent to Brussels as Ambassador. It was his first senior post abroad after many years in the Diplomatic Service, which he was undertaking before retiring. But he had not

been at his post many months when the Germans swept across Belgium, and he was captured while making his way to the coast in the hope of crossing the Channel. Such a distressing experience rarely falls to the lot of a man approaching the end of his career. But Sir Lancelot always had an air of detachment and dignity which I am assured never deserted him at this critical moment, nor throughout the twelve months of his detention.

Territorial Expert

THERE is much talk just now of measures to raise the efficiency of the Home Guard. Few people are better fitted to advise on this subject than Major-General E. F. Lawson, who lately assumed direction of the Military Affairs Department at the Ministry of Information. General Lawson has served continually in the Territorial Army since 1910, and won the D.S.O. and the M.C. in France during the last war, when he commanded a Yeomanry Regiment, passing later to command of a Field Artillery Brigade, and, since the present war, to an infantry division. But in the years between 1918 and 1939, while again actively engaged in Fleet Street, Colonel Lawson was still forming clear-cut ideas on how the Territorials could be strengthened and made more efficient. These views found expression in a series of articles published by the *Daily Telegraph* in March, 1936, which provoked considerable discussion and undoubtedly led to important reforms. General Lawson would be doing a further national service if he were now to apply this long experience to proposals for Home Guard reforms.

When I wrote a note on General Lawson's appointment a fortnight ago, I slipped into an error which must now be corrected. He is a nephew—not son—of the late Viscount Burnham, principal proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph* until 1928, and son of the present Lord Burnham, himself a distinguished soldier with a long background in the Scots Guards and a Yeomanry command in the South African War.

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

A Note on Realism

WHAT an odd thing is realism in art! Put a real horse on the stage, and the two-legged actors are at once annihilated. In the old melodrama called *The Lyons Mail* there was a scene in which Irving used to rifle the pockets of the dead post-boy, tumbled from the post-chaise drawn by a sorry nag whose quarters alone were visible, the rest being hidden in the wings. And I remember how it took all the power of a really great actor to vie with the actuality of those hocks. As against this I remember the back-drop to some forgotten Russian ballet, where the artist had sought to show a gay spark driving a gig in the Bois de Boulogne. The reins finished in mid-air somewhere in the neighbourhood of the horse's withers, and reached to no bit, for the reason that there was no bit in the animal's mouth to reach to. There were no traces, which meant that the gig could not have been drawn; even if it could it must have collapsed, since there was no axle-tree to keep the wheels together. Yet one accepted the design as wholly adequate; here was a swell driving a gig in the Bois de Boulogne.

THAT it is acceptance and not reality that matters, was a late discovery in the English theatre which had gloried for too long in Tom Robertson's real doors and real mantelpieces.

Some of us can remember the mountains of salt pretending to be snow in which Irving fought that duel in *The Corsican Brothers*, and it is within comparatively modern recollection how, on the first night of *The Garden of Allah*, people sitting in the front rows of the stalls were almost blinded by the real sand of that desert storm. All that was the wrong kind of realism.

But there is a right kind. The very existence of the light comedy has always been staked upon the weather being fine. You know the kind of thing I mean. The curtain goes up to reveal Lady Marshmallow's chintz-covered drawing-room. This is surrounded by french windows to enable the sunlight to pour into the room from at least three sides. Through the window R. those in the theatre seated L. have a view of the Wold of Surrey as far as Box Hill. Through the window L. those seated R. can see the Weald of Sussex rhododendron-clumped as far as Chanctonbury Ring. Through the centre windows, for the benefit of those seated C., the Forest of Savernake hotly shimmers. Enter Dame Marie Tempest twirling a parasol.

I remember the surprise and delight with which I saw the curtain rise on the second act of Dorothy Massingham's play, *The Lake*. The scene was a marquee, and the occasion the

wedding of the heroine. The day, it seemed, had turned out wet, and the guests arrived looking like bedraggled birds of paradise. This was better than realism; it was immense fun. It was fun to see how popular actresses look when they are not being photographed and must, like their more ordinary sisters, contend with the rigour of an English summer. But this piece of right-minded realism was an exception, and the English theatre still remained a place where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow.

ENFIN Hollywood vint; and the point about the whole art of the cinema was seen to be its adherence to reality. By some stroke of divination Hollywood perceived that in a medium where all was photographic, no actor could look so much like, say, a taxi driver as a man who earned his living driving a taxi. As for the décor, no trouble and no expense was too great. Millions of dollars were spent in arranging that the furniture and plate at a banquet of the Borgias should be exact replicas of the properties used by that agreeable family. Must the scene take place at the North Pole, then Hollywood would equip an expedition for the purpose of recording something for which an artist would have used the local golf course and some tons of cotton wool. And the rain storms! Never has there been such rain as that with which the windscreen wipers of Hollywood have contended.

AND then Hollywood's realism began to weaken. Young ladies whom we had seen soaked to the skin one minute would appear in bone-dry organdie the next. A frail heroine would emerge from the jungle after a life-and-death struggle with a gorilla looking as if she had just come out of a beauty parlour. The explanation, of course, is that the average feminine filmgoer cares everything for frocks and nothing for feasibility. Then came that picture, or series of pictures, in which a young woman is gifted with a Voice, and, emerging from the Middle West, at five minutes' notice and without rehearsal goes on for Violetta at the Metropolitan Opera House. The reason, again, is that the public, impassioned for its Grace Moores, Jeanette MacDonalds and Deanna Durbins, prefer the triumphs of their singing heroines to the reflections that untrained young women don't achieve such things.

IRENE DUNNE, the heroine of *Unfinished Business* (Leicester Square) hailed from a small town in Ohio, and her ambition in life was to go places and do things. Arrived in New York she got a situation at a telephone exchange, and her first job, if you please, was to sing a birthday greeting through the telephone to the owner of a smart night club called the Koh-i-noor. It seemed that she had a Voice. Whereby she was taken on at the night club, and to the tune of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" (the verse, not the chorus) warbled to customers calling up:

This is New York six-o-four,
You're speaking to the Koh-i-noor.

Like a musical TIM.

Presently she married Robert Montgomery, to efface the memory of Preston Foster whom she really loved. Going out of Robert's life, she was brought in again when he went to the opera and saw her on the stage not as prima donna but as a humble member of the chorus. *Salut au Monde*, yawned Walt Whitman; I emit the same barbaric noise and salute Hollywood for having realised that it is only a very exceptional telephone operator who has enough talent to get into the chorus. And now, please, may we have that film about the aspirant for film honours who, turned down by Hollywood, hasn't got what it takes to peel them off the arm?



Two Men and Irene Dunne

In "*Unfinished Business*" Irene Dunne gets married to one man—Robert Montgomery—although she loves his brother—Preston Foster (left). Here, under her husband's eye, she meets her old love again. She also sings—at a night club, and at the opera, but only in the chorus. Gregory La Cava directed this film which began its run at the Leicester Square Theatre ten days ago and of which Mr. Agate writes above

A World Premiere

Canada at War in the Great British Film,
"49th Parallel"



The U-boat crew, trying to escape to the frontier and freedom in the U.S.A., break into an Esquimaux village hut, where they shoot Johnnie (Laurence Olivier), a French-Canadian trapper. The owner of the hut, a Scottish factor (Finlay Currie), bound and unable to move, looks on while Vogel (Niall MacGinnis), the least inhuman of the Nazis, in a moment of pity, attends to the dying man

Forty-ninth Parallel, to have its world premiere at the Odeon on October 8, was made both in Canada and England. It was produced and directed by Michael Powell in co-operation with the M.O.I., and is a picture of great magnitude which took nearly two years to complete. It entailed the taking of a fully-equipped film unit 20,000 miles across Canada, in order to get the authentic scenery, and to give some idea of the vast resources of the Dominion and the part its people are playing in the war. Local talent was employed whenever possible, and one long sequence is devoted to the Hutterites, a community of Christian Communists founded by refugees from religious persecution in Germany last century, who settled as farmers in Canada. Part of a German newsreel, showing a U-boat torpedoing British vessels, which was captured from a "neutral" ship, is included in the film. The story is that of seven Nazi survivors of a U-boat, destroyed by the Canadian Navy at the outbreak of war, their unsuccessful attempts to escape to the U.S.A., and of the people they meet on the way. Leslie Howard, Laurence Olivier, Raymond Massey, Anton Walbrook and Glynis Johns play some of the Canadians, and the U-boat crew are Richard George, Eric Portman, Raymond Lovell, Niall MacGinnis, Peter Moore, John Chandos and Basil Appleby

Hospitality is given to the Germans in their flight across Canada by Philip Armstrong Scott (Leslie Howard), a charming and cultured author living in an Indian settlement. His reward is to be left with a wounded leg, and with his manuscripts and pictures burned and destroyed



The Hutterites, on hearing the Germans speak their own language, at first greet them as friends, but on discovering their real identity as Nazi oppressors, refuse to help them. Peter (Anton Walbrook), leader of the community, tells one of its young members, Anna (Glynis Johns), to ask the U-boat men to leave the settlement



The only Nazi to reach the frontier comes up against Andy Brock (Raymond Massey), a Canadian soldier, who is instrumental in persuading the customs officer that Lohrmann (John Chandos) is "improperly manifested freight" and should not be allowed into the United States. Before Lohrmann is finally taken in charge, Andy shows him how a member of the "decadent" British Empire can give a Nazi "superman" a thrashing

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Cavalcade of Mystery (Aldwych)

As a critic of magic I can boast no great pretensions. I must, in fact, confess myself in this respect a simpleton and a booby, my education as to goldfish, rabbits and vanishing ladies having been sadly neglected. For though my parents took me regularly to see Henry Irving and Ada Rehan and Charles Wyndham and Johnnie Toole from the age of five onwards, not once was I taken to Maskelyne and Cooke, as they then were, or Maskelyne and Devant, as they later became. The few magicians who crossed my juvenile path did so only at the more elaborate Christmas parties, when they would extract aces from my innocent pockets and florins from my fast-crimsoning ears.

THERE was, it is true, a time when I aspired to become a conjuror myself and when I purchased manuals on the science of prestidigitation in the hope of becoming the Wonder of the Adelaide Road. How grand it would be to make everybody's eyes pop out of everybody's head! But the basis of all the tricks explained seemed to be proficiency in the art of palming. It was palm a card, palm a coin, palm an egg, palm a pigeon, palm everything. And as I never could palm anything, my necromantic ambitions fizzled, and I had to content myself with mere contortionism, for which Nature had endowed me with supple joints, but which, alas! has come to nothing in the end.

THE Great Lyle at the Aldwych is, of course, a master of palmistry, and that no doubt assists him to many of his minor triumphs. Are not his hands insured for £10,000? The programme assures us that they are, and only perky small boys who are suspicious of everything will complain that they are not shown the policy.

But even if the Great Lyle had the mis-



Microphone fortune telling
by Gipsy Petulengro

fortune to come by his £10,000, I suspect that he would still be able to perform most of his major mysteries. Hands do not seem to be necessary to assist the lady who walks through the sheet of plate-glass to walk through the sheet of plate-glass. The bride who is levitated until she completely shrivels away (what a blow for the bridegroom!) cannot be manually disposed of—you can't palm a bride. And as for the woman who is sawn in half and yet not sawn in half, I am convinced that if the Great Lyle entrusted that saw to me, she would still be safe enough.

How, then, are these things done? I have already intimated that, where magic is



Jim listens to Arthur Prince

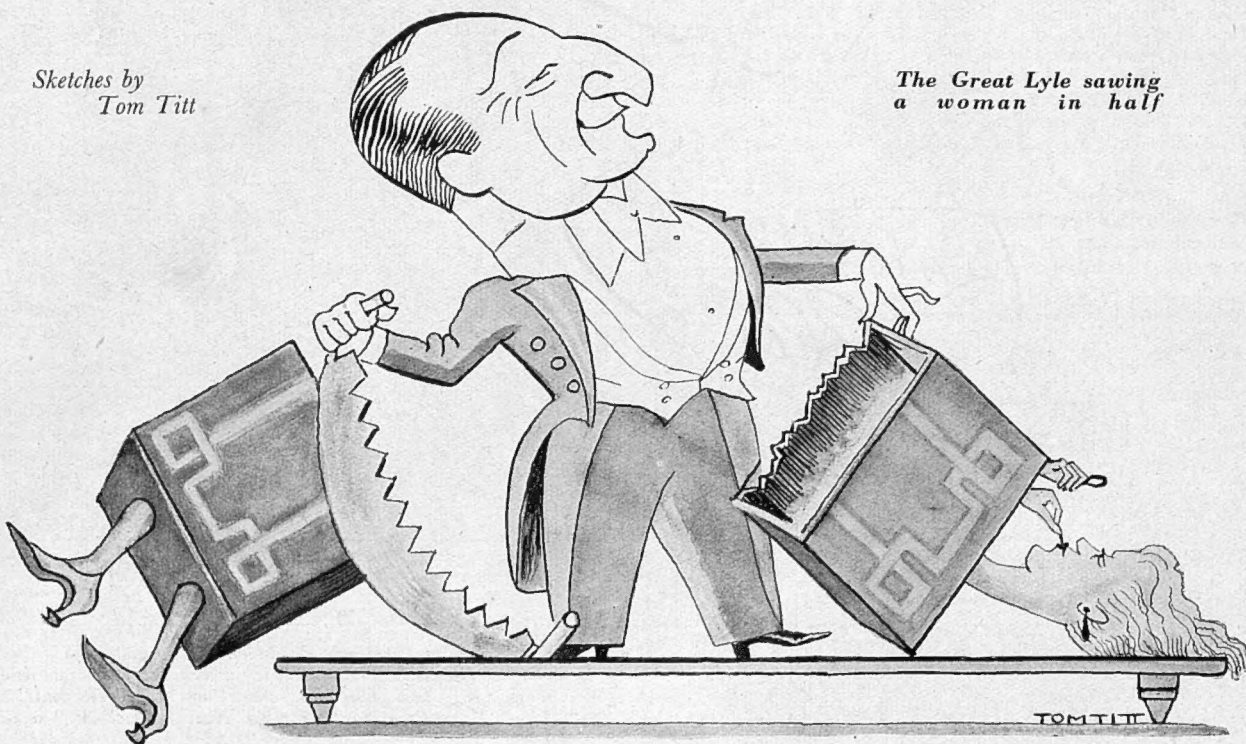
concerned, I am a bit of a booby, yet a simple explanation has occurred to me which has probably occurred to no other member of Mr. Lyle's Aldwych audiences, and which seems to me to clear everything up completely. I suggest that the magic is magic, and that although Mr. Lyle does not look in the least like a magician, and although he certainly has a most unmagical voice, this is a more lucid explanation than any other layman can give.

True, Mr. Lyle frankly calls his show an "illusion," but may that not be because, in this sceptical age, if he were bold enough to lay claim to the powers that are his, he would be spurned as an impostor? or, if not spurned as an impostor, locked up as a highly dangerous character? The position of the magician in the modern world is not an easy one. He is, perhaps, to be pitied rather than to be envied.

IN addition to the Great Lyle, there are two famous names in this *Cavalcade of Mystery*. One is that of the Gipsy Petulengro, who being furnished with dates of births, proceeds to tell members of the audience what is, was, and will be what. A star turn in a double sense.

The other is that of Arthur Prince, whose ventriloquial act still stands head and shoulders above anything else of the kind I have ever heard. Mr. Prince is not merely a ventriloquist. He is, vocally, a remarkable character actor. His performance as Jim the Sailor would merit the highest praise without any marionette at all. His performance as himself is hardly less excellent. And so young does he remain that we quite expect Maud Allan to come on and dance the Spring Song for us again as soon as he goes off. Those, at any rate, were some of the days!

Sketches by
Tom Titt



The Great Lyle sawing
a woman in half



Left: Flying-Officer Richard Murdoch, R.A.F.V.R., ("Stinker" to his radio and stage public) was photographed with his wife and their baby daughter, who was born recently in an Oxford nursing home. Arthur Askey is to be the baby's godfather. A new Askey-Murdoch film, "I Thank You," went to the Gaumont on Sunday

Right: Evelyn Dall has a wire-haired terrier called Raf, who recently celebrated his first birthday by a visit to the May Fair bar, where Alf Storey, the barman, stood him one on the house. Raf, evidently a rabid teetotaler, was given to Miss Dall by a fighter-pilot. She was recently seen in the Vic Oliver-Sarah Churchill film, "He Found a Star."

Johnson, Oxford

"Stinker" Murdoch and His Family



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Evelyn Dall Celebrates Raf's Birthday

Private Lives

Off-Stage Snapshots of Some Actors and Actresses

Below are Mr. and Mrs. James Mason in the garden of their home in Beaconsfield. She is Pamela Kellino, whose slum-life novel, "This Little Hand," was published in the summer. He has been working on the film of "Hatter's Castle," A. J. Cronin's novel, in which he plays Dr. Renwick. He also played a doctor's part in Cronin's first and only play, "Jupiter Laughs," in the provinces; it is now in rehearsal for the long-postponed London production

Novelist Pamela Kellino and Actor James Mason

Roye



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Hermione Baddeley, Her Soldier Husband, and Their Dogs

Hermione Baddeley married Major J. H. Willis, M.C., as her second husband, last January. This at-home picture of them and their two dogs was taken during Major Willis's recent leave. He is in the 12th Lancers, won his M.C. at Dunkirk. When they were married, Hermione Baddeley was in the middle of rehearsals for "Rise Above It," which began its very successful career at the Q Theatre before it moved to the Comedy, where it still is

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Princess Royal and A.T.S.

MISS MARY CHURCHILL has given those girls who still need it a lead by scrubbing doorsteps in the A.T.S., and the Princess Royal has been appealing to parents not to grudge the absence from home of their daughters in such a cause. In a message read by Lady Rosebery at a Press luncheon before the opening of the A.T.S. exhibition in the Royal Scottish Academy, Edinburgh, H.R.H. reassured all parents about the safety and well-being of their daughters in the Service.

Colonel Walter Elliot reinforced the appeal, Lieut.-General A. F. A. N. Thorne, Commander-in-Chief, Scottish Command, presided, and others there were the Hon. Mrs. Thorne, Chief Commandant Collins, Assistant Director for Scotland, A.T.S., Chief Commandant Simpson, A.T.S., and other officers.

Luncheon

SIR COURTAULD THOMSON gave a luncheon to the new Governor of Bermuda, Lord Knollys.

On one side of the menu was printed an imposing list of guests; on the other the actual food, perhaps the simplest in the whole history of the Savoy or any West End hotel.

In large capitals were the three words:

MACARONI

CHICKEN

SWEET

No more fancy French names by which the chef camouflages the same materials. "I don't know why they don't just print 'food,'" said the head waiter.

A menu printed for a party given by the Duke of Orleans fifty years ago in the same room at the Savoy makes an interesting comparison. On it are listed eighteen courses and six different wines—and everyone was expected to eat and drink the lot.

Eire and Chile

THE Chilean Consul in Dublin, Señor Don Eduardo Hunter, gave a reception to celebrate the 130th anniversary of the Independence of Chile at the Chilean Consulate in Ailesbury Road, Dublin.

Among the guests were Señor Francisco Borford, the Papal Nuncio; Monsignor Enrici, secretary to the Nuncio; Sir John Maffey, Mr. X. de Laforcade, Minister for France; the Spanish Minister, Señor Ontiveros, with his daughter; Mr. David Gray, American Minister; M. Goor, Belgian Minister; Mr. I. A. R. Weenik, Consul-General to the Netherlands; Herr Benziger, Swiss Chargé d'Affaires; the Japanese Vice-Consul, Mr. Ichi-Haschi; Herr Hennig Thomson, secretary to the German Legation; Mr. H. Osterberg, Consul for Denmark; Mr. John Betjeman, Prince Milo de Montenegro, Prince Alexander Lieven, and Sir Valentine Grace.

People

THE former Miss Nancy Harmood-Banner writes that I have wrongly named her Mrs. Jardine-Patterson. She is Mrs. Hunter-Jardine-Patterson (how does she ever manage to get her signature on a dotted line?) or even Mrs. Hunter-Patterson, but not what I said.

Lovely and amusing Mrs. Peter Quennell is staying with the Hope-Nicolsons in Chelsea. Felix Hope-Nicolson is just down from Oxford, and has a picturesque appearance and talent for conversation; his sisters, Loretta and Marie Jacqueline, are fun, too. So is Lady Carolyn Howard, who was dining with Sir John Philipps one night.

Miss Edith Evans wore a blue skirt and scarlet jacket one morning; Mr. Leitgieber, first secretary at the Polish Legation, was in the Ritz. His exhibition of paintings of blitzed London opened on October 6th. Lady Feversham, Lord Halifax's daughter, also Miss Belinda Blew-Jones, were there the same day.

Night and Day

MORE diners-out were Prince Paul of Greece, listening to Ronald Frankau at the May Fair; also Sir Richard Gregory, President of the British Association, and Lady Gregory; Princess Yolande Chervachidze, Enid Stamp Taylor, Squadron-Leader Learoyd, V.C., Flight-Lieut. Cheshire, D.S.O.,



Bertram Park

Mrs. William Stirling Has a Son

The son and heir of Captain and Mrs. William Stirling of Keir was born on September 18th. Captain Stirling, eldest son of the late Brig.-Gen. Archibald Stirling of Keir, and the Hon. Mrs. Stirling, and a cousin of Lord Lovat, is in the Scots Guards. Mrs. Stirling was Miss Susan Bligh before her marriage last year, is the younger daughter of Major the Hon. Noel Bligh, and the late Hon. Mrs. Bligh, and a niece of the Earl of Darnley

D.F.C., who lately married a beautiful show-girl; Professor Zuckerman, the scientist with the theory that the human body is a better blast-resister than any building (Be Your Own Air-raid Shelter!); Lady Cunyng-hame, and Mr. Pen Hoot with a party of Dutch officers.

The Duke of Devonshire is staying at the May Fair, and Lady Priscilla Aird and Miss Deborah Green-Wilkinson, up from Windsor, were having a daytime cocktail there.

Captain Lord Inverclyde and Sir John Hamilton were two more on the premises.

Night Decor

THE pleated silk walls and ceiling of the Four Hundred must be getting quite valuable, and represent pages and pages of coupons. The decoration idea of having lines of washing painted around a place might be extended. Actual lingerie frills could surround pillars, strips of ribbon-threaded insertion cross ceilings, camisoles shade lamps, and drawer-legs coyly shroud table-legs, with nostalgic Edwardian fussiness. Perhaps petticoats for chairs, too, and blouses (pronounced "blooses") to relieve the monotony of the camisole lampshades.

Contributing to the glittering grandeur of the above joint the other night were Sir John Philipps, up from Picton Castle, in South Wales, where he farms; his sister, Baroness de Rutzen, who starts work in a munitions factory every morning at 8.30; Lord Wharton, at the Air Ministry; and Lady Seafeld and her husband, Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert.

In Brighton—and Ely

LADY DUDLEY—who was famous, and a favourite, Gertie Millar—gave an At Home to launch the production of the sixteenth-century morality play, *The Theatre of the World*, at the Church of SS. Mary and Mary Magdalene, in Brighton.



Lieut. Wooller and Lady Gilian Windsor-Clive

Lieut. Wilfred Wooller, R.A., of Colwyn Bay, and Lady Gilian Mary Windsor-Clive, eldest of the three daughters of the Earl and Countess of Plymouth, of St. Fagan's Castle, Cardiff, were married at St. Fagan's. He is the Welsh Rugby international. She is nineteen this year

Interesting people in the cast are Miss Celia Cavendish, daughter of Isobel Jay, the actress; Hamilton Fyfe, writer; Frederic Sargent, the Shakespearean actor; and Mrs. John Greenwood; and the Bishop of Chichester is patron of the production.

It is in aid of Mobile Entertainments for the Sussex Area, artists from which performed at the At Home, and Lady Jones, wife of Sir Roderick Jones, K.B.E., of Rottingdean, spoke.

At a place called Fridaybridge, Ely, there was a large-scale garden fête, with many stalls and a startling new side-show called "Killing Rats." Competitors had to "kill" bogus rats with sticks as they emerged from a sloping pipe. I suppose soon electric rats will be inserted under haystacks for terriers to chase out, while the real ones are kept in luxury elsewhere.

Weddings in Broadway and Burma

BROADWAY, in Worcestershire, is a picturesque and sophisticated village, and a good hunting centre. At St. Michael and All Angels Church there, Major Lyndall F. Urwick and Miss Betty Warrand were married. The bridegroom is the son of the late Sir Henry and Lady Urwick, and the bride daughter of the late Major Hugh and Mrs. Warrand, and a granddaughter of the late Sir Robert Lucas-Tooth. She was given away by Sir Hugh Lucas-Tooth, and Miss Jennifer Lucas-Tooth, James Warrand and David Lindsay were the attendants. Lady Durand, the bride's aunt, lent Langley, Winchcombe, for the reception.

In Burma, Miss Jacqueline Dorman-Smith, eldest daughter of Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith, Governor of Burma, married Captain E. T. Cook, Grenadier Guards, A.D.C.



Miss Tylden-Wright and Mr. Russell Fawcus

Sec.-Lieut. John Russell Fawcus, Irish Guards, eldest son of Mr. Russell Fawcus, of Tumber House, Headley, Surrey, and Miss Diana Mary Tylden-Wright, only daughter of Captain G. M. Tylden-Wright, Irish Guards, and Mrs. Tylden-Wright, of Winkfield Place, Windsor Forest, Berks., were married at the Guards, Chapel, Wellington Barracks

to the Governor. The bride was given away by her father, and at the reception at Government House "Ponnas" of the ancient priesthood of Mandalay blessed the couple.

Windsor Wallet

I HAD a card from the London Transport lost property office saying they had something of mine, so I sped by bus to Baker Street.

"A wallet," they said. I have never had anything describable as that. So they fetched up a crocodile-skin notecase—or wallet—quite empty except for a bill for me.

"You'd better take it," they said. Later, on the back of the bill, I found, very faint, a pencil note, and remembered. At the Chelsea Palace there once appeared a young man who called himself Wally Windsor. Someone was interested in his performance, and asked for a piece of paper on which to send him a message. So my bill got into Wally Windsor's wallet, and both came back to me.

Matinees

THE *Rise Above It* matinee for the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund was a great success—packed house and splendid prices for things auctioned. Vic Oliver was auctioneer, helped by Sarah Churchill. They had to rush off in the middle, and he came back alone later, and whipped up most impressive bidding. Richard Tauber added some of his songs to the programme, and was enthusiastically received, and the rest of the performance was as first-class as ever.

The Cherry Orchard, now over, makes an excellent matinee—it could even take place in the early morning or the middle of the night—it is so inconsequent itself it requires no mood of conventional theatre-going to make it enjoyable.

Memorial Concert

THE Paderewski Memorial Concert, in aid of Polish prisoners of war, is organised by Lady George Cholmondeley and Mrs. Chancellor, and is due at the Cambridge Theatre on October 14th at five o'clock.



Marcus Adams

Mrs. Sweeny and Her Children

Mrs. Charles Sweeny, here with her son and daughter, Bryan and Frances, works for the R.A.F. Comforts Fund under Lady Portal, and is in charge of comforts for the Eagle Squadrons. Her husband, who was closely connected with the founding of the original Eagle Squadron, is now liaison officer between these squadrons and the Air Ministry, and is not a Pilot Officer serving in one of them, as we stated in our issue of Sept. 17th

The London Philharmonic Orchestra will be conducted by Sir Adrian Boult, and Tadeusz Jarecki, with Moiseiwitsch as soloist. The Polish Ambassador, Countess Raczyńska, is taking a great interest in the concert, and has put one of the beautiful rooms at the Embassy at the disposal of the committee.

A Correction

In our issue of September 24th we published a picture of two guests at the Cooper-Barker wedding. We were informed that one of these was Miss Ann Dvorak, the film actress. This was incorrect: the girl wearing M.T.C. uniform was Miss Walker, of Seal, Kent.



Miss Tylden-Wright's Bridesmaids

The six bridesmaids at the Russell Fawcus-Tylden-Wright wedding were Miss Terry and Miss Valerie Fawcus, the bridegroom's sisters, Miss Barbara Lyttelton, Miss Ann Wheatley, Miss Ann Watson, Miss Susan Winn. They wore cherry-red velvet, carried gladioli sheaves

Mostly Women: Their Activities



A W.A.A.F. Bride

Lady Veronica Hornby, who was to be married to Sq.-Ldr. E. H. Maddick last week, is a private in the W.A.A.F. She is the only sister of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, and has a nine-year-old daughter by her first marriage



A.T.S. Inspection

The Princess Royal is the Controller Commandant of the A.T.S. She was accompanied by Chief Controller Mrs. Jean Knox, left, Director of the A.T.S., and Lady Lawrence, Assistant Director, when she visited a training depot near Reading. H.R.H. spent five hours seeing work done at the depot



P.T. Expert for the A.T.S.

Senior Commander Monica Hawkes is in charge of the A.T.S. physical training. This well-known athlete has been organiser of physical training for the Barking and Walthamstow Education Committee for some years



The W.A.A.F. in the Middle East

Wing Officer F. M. Hayes commands the W.A.A.F. contingent of code and cypher officers now working with the R.A.F. Middle East Command. With her is Flight Officer M. M. Bevan, who lives at Doncaster. All the W.A.A.F. officers in the Middle East volunteered for service overseas. Wing Officer Hayes has specialised in signals work since 1938



A St. John Ambulance Brigade Parade

A parade of Iron-Bridge and Much Wenlock companies of the St. John Ambulance Brigade was held recently at Willey Park, Lord Forester's place in Shropshire. In the photograph are Lady Milnes Gaskell, Viscountess Maitland, Miss Helen Corser, Lady Forester, Lieut.-Col. C. W. Eames, the inspecting officer, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Bennett, Mayor and Mayoress of Wenlock, and Lord Forester

Town and Country



Seeing the Sights

Kathleen Harriman had a crack with a London policeman while out walking one day. She is the daughter of Mr. Averell Harriman, Chairman of the American Mission to Moscow for the Three-Power supply conference which opened there last week



Recent Arrivals in London

Princess Aspasia of Greece and her daughter, Princess Alexandra, came to London at the same time as the King of the Hellenes. Princess Aspasia, who is a sister-in-law of the King, has many friends in this country, where she has often been a visitor



An A.T.S. Recruit

Miss Mary Churchill, the Prime Minister's youngest daughter, is now in training as a private in the A.T.S. at a depot in the Southern Command. Her cousin, Miss Judith Montague, is at the same depot



"Rise Above It" Performance for R.A.F. Charity

Air Marshal Sir William Sholto Douglas, A.O.C.-in-C. Fighter Command, Lady Douglas, Lady Portal, and Sir Herbert Morgan went to the special matinee of "Rise Above It" at the Comedy. The show was in aid of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund, and Vic Oliver and Sarah Churchill acted as auctioneers of objects sold for the charity



Reception to Holders of the George Cross and Medal

Swabe Holders of the George Cross and the George Medal were guests at a reception given by the Royal Society of St. George at Grosvenor House. Above are Lord Queenborough, President of the Society, the Hon. Mrs. Edward Ward and Miss Susan Winn, his two granddaughters, and his daughter, the Hon. Lady Baillie. Guests came from all over the country

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Two girl clerks have been admitted to the sacred Floor of the London Stock Exchange, for the first time in its history. The Fleet Street boys are feverishly thinking up a smart name for them. It may even be "fluctuette," we fear.

Two poor little Eurydices lost in the underworld, and more to follow, apparently. Not that the money underworld is as terrible, invariably, as romancers make it. From the Visitors' Gallery of New York Stock Exchange, where a Wall Street broker on a busy day had promised us nerve-racking scenes of lust and violence, we gazed fearfully down on the vast floor of the nave, far below, of that Basilica of St. Mammon the Great. A few discreet groups of officiants were gathered under shaded lights at little distant islands of desks or lecterns, their heads bowed amid a subdued buzz of voices, apparently reciting Financial Vespers for the Day. Only one eye-shaded canon in that Chapter was interesting. His pencil stabbed rhythmically, unceasingly, at a long sheet of paper, automaton-like. We gathered he did nothing else all his life, and suggested it was enough to drive the average human being nuts. "He *is* nuts," said our guide simply.

Oasis

You could once get a better short view of Hades outside the Paris Bourse on almost any summer afternoon, when the serried brokers were surging up and down the steps and howling and struggling and fighting

at their ignoble mysteries. The ideal atmosphere, as Mr. Belloc discovered some years ago, in which to read the Pastorals of Vergil, tranquilly sipping wine on the terrace of the big café opposite.

How women on the Floor will affect those London Stock Exchange stories, incidentally, remains to be seen. We heard last week a good story going round the Stock Exchange, to the effect that a good story was going round the Stock Exchange (End).

Visit

EXCEPT that he has since turned out to be the real thing, that chap who walked into a seaside hotel restaurant recently during a dinner-dance and demanded everybody's name and address, saying he was an inspector from the Ministry of Food, might (we thought at the time) have been carrying on the work, in an amateurish way, of the late eminent playboy, Maurice Cole.

By "amateurish" we mean that an artist in this genre of the quality of Cole would never have stopped at extorting a lot of addresses, even good ones (there were presumably some agreeable girls present). He'd have worked out some dainty or fantastic finale, such as brusquely commanding everybody in the restaurant, by order of the Ministry of Health, to jump through a paper hoop or to have their noses measured



MAURICE M'LOUGHLIN

"This leave pass expired on Dec. 29th, 1916."

for rings—by order of the Ministry of Agriculture—by confederates disguised as alguazils from Scotland Yard. You will say the Island Race is docile, but not quite so docile as that. We wouldn't argue, except to remark that the spectacle of a London audience airily laughing its head off at the comical Koepenick film some time ago astonished us, so far as anything can astonish us. Those citizens seemed to think such things only happen abroad, like vice.

We didn't gather that any guest took the step of demanding the inspector's credentials or even of amiably inviting him to take a running jump into the Channel. That terror of doing the social wrong thing and making oneself conspicuous ought to work out sweetly if invasion comes (smiled old Uncle Cheeriboy, rubbing gnarled palms).

Exhibit

News that "The Prime" (as everybody who Knows a Thing or Two calls him) has been appointed Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports (so called because there are seven) sped quickly through every Hundred and Rape (so called from the rope with which the hard and careful Normans measured out the fields) of Sussex and came at last, a spy tells us, to Winchelsea and Rye, where a hawk-eyed Cinque Ports sentinel sweeps the Channel daily for French galleys, galleons, galliasses, first-raters, ships of the line, frigates, barques, sloops, corvettes, privateers, or bumboats.

We've never personally clapped eyes on this functionary, but we're credibly assured he carries out his centuries-old duty, at a modest fee, with quiet efficiency. Like the chains in which they hanged the citizen who stabbed the Mayor of Rye one dark and windy night in the 1740's, a dreadful affair, he looms bigger as a Rye exhibit in our esteem than either Henry James, who for years was Exhibit A, or E. F. Benson, James's successor at beautiful Lamb House, who lampooned polite Rye society like billy-ho, was nevertheless elected Mayor, and somehow escaped assassination.

Warning

How like you to pipe up with the shrill suggestion that this sentinel has now been made to toe the line and is more usefully employed, maybe, in watching out for German warships and aircraft. That shows how little you know of us down South.

(Concluded on page 50)



"Now, I wonder how many of you guessed that the twelfth and last mystery noise was a gramophone record of a queen bee's buzz?"

Irish Racing

The St. Leger at The Curragh and the September Meeting at Phcenix Park

THE CURRAGH



Mr. Hubert M. Hartigan leads in his Etoile de Lyons, Joe Canty up, after his smashing victory in the Irish St. Leger. Etoile de Lyons is by Coup de Lyon out of Rose of Jericho, was bred by Mr. J. J. Murphy, of Bishopslane, Co. Kildare, from whom he was purchased for 1750 guineas

PHCENIX PARK



Mr. George Smithwick, who was stud manager to the late Viscount Furness, talked to Viscount Adare at Phoenix Park. Lord Adare sent up from the Fort Union Stud at Adare, Co. Limerick, three yearlings to the Bloodstock Sales at Ballsbridge, Dublin, last week

Right: Miss Penelope Preston and the Hon. Mrs. Edward Corbally-Stourton watched the Phoenix Park racing together. Miss Preston is the late Captain the Hon. Hubert Preston's elder daughter and a cousin of Viscount Gormanston. Mrs. Corbally-Stourton's husband, Col. the Hon. Edward Corbally-Stourton, is Lord Mowbray's uncle, and owns Corbally Hall, Co. Meath



Lady Musgrave, wife of Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bt., of Tourin, saw the St. Leger with her younger son, Mr. Michael Musgrave. He has just got a commission in the Irish Guards. Lady Musgrave is a Company Commander in the A.T.S.



Miss Anne Mitchell, daughter of Major C. Mitchell, D.S.O., and Lieut. Rory More O'Ferrall, Irish Guards, saw Etoile de Lyons come in in a canter five lengths ahead of Sol Oriens, Irish Derby winner. The Maharajah's Rao Raja was third, five more lengths behind



Mr. Isidore Blake, who recently completed his term of office as Steward of the Irish Turf Club, talked to Lady Stafford-King-Harman, whose husband won the Anglesey Stakes with Terrible Times



Mr. and Mrs. John McEnery were two more who watched the Irish St. Leger. He is Master of the Kilmoganny Harriers, Co. Kilkenny. She is a daughter of the late Lady Lavery, and stepdaughter of the late Sir John Lavery

Photographs by Poole, Dublin

Mr. and Mrs. Paddy Beary (she was Miss Maisie Harrison, from Wiltshire) saw Mr. David Frame's Fair Crystal win the Maher Plate at Phoenix Park in a canter from Mrs. K. Kelly's Cara Koosh. Mr. F. S. Myerscough's Honourable was third. Fair Crystal won the valuable Phoenix Plate at the August meeting



Below: Miss Marie Lysaght, here with Miss Dorothy McMahon, is an Australian visitor who has hunted in Eire for the last few seasons. Her father, the late Mr. Andrew A. Lysaght, was a member of the New South Wales Assembly



Standing By ...

(Continued)

The traditional symbol of Sussex is a pig, with the proud motto "*Won't be druv.*" Try it on, and you'll soon find yourself mixed up in a hem orny ole set-out, believe you us.

Cavern

WHAT to do with Maxim's in the Rue Royale will be one of the many social problems of Paris after this war.

Every night, neutral correspondents report at intervals, the place is reserved for and crammed with rouged, tight-waisted, noisy officers of the German Staff and their odalisques, wolfing rich food and throwing back vintage champagne by the bucketful, cheek by jowl—or might one say "muzzle by chops"—with some of Monsieur Laval's buddies and the brilliant and versatile Sacha Guitry, who lost no time in getting in on the ground floor. Maxim's is now a

symbol of the conquering Boche at (almost) his most odious, and the fabric will have to be drastically purged, or abolished.

It was never a choice of the real Parisian. "Chez Maxim's" (*sic*) stood for Gay Paree in sixteen European and other languages, and it was the spiritual home of the *rasta* on the spree. Even its name was a label. That Anglo-Saxon apostrophe "s" on which its first proprietor cashed in during a passing wave of anglomania in the 80's often made crabbed purists for the French tongue rather cross. (Compare such interesting later Montmartre developments as "Jazz's-Bar.") Prince Danilo's song in *The Merry Widow* probably sealed its fate for the thoughtful.

Footnote

CHEZ WEBER, higher up towards the Madeleine, was the midnight refuge before World War I. of Marcel Proust, among other notables. A chap we know often used to watch the haggard and prickly Proust, huddled in his furs, a dying man, peeling a pear and looking round broodingly with big bright fawn-like eyes for somebody

who looked as if he might be about to insult him. A challenge to a duel generally followed, Proust being a devil for fighting; unlike a few big fat healthy booksy boys we could mention. No names, no pack-drill.

Yawn

NOT even a world-war can wean the artistic camera boys, apparently, from the illusion that people like lashings of nudes. As Auntie Times's critic remarked with a stifed yawn of the recent London Salon of Photography show, there were a large number of studies of nudes, or, more correctly, "portraits of persons without any clothes on." Yachts are more interesting to Auntie's boy any day, we guess; also to us.

Having at last grasped that Velasquez, Titian, Rubens, Manet, Ingres and Renoir have about exhausted public interest in well-nourished nudes, painters seem to be dropping the subject. Women are probably warier, also. We guess photographers employ an oblique and "rush" technique, making a great fuss over a Tudor baronial-hall background, palm or aspidistra in pot, rustic bridge, marble pillars, balustrade, and so forth. While the model is posing in her best costume amid these accessories, jingling her bracelets and smirking somewhat, the photographer says suddenly, "How would it be, Miss Gewither, if you took all your clothes off and held this art bowl of gold-fish between your toes?" "What, me?" says the model astonished. "Not likely!" "It's more artistic, like," says the cunning photographer. "Oh, you awful," says the model, blushing, "I'll tell my big brother that is a reserve half-back in the Harlequins on you!" The net result is a damaged eye and/or yet another nude exhibit on the walls of the Camera Club, where nudes are such a weariness that (as we have personally noted) even a lecture on the colour-photography of chrysanthemums comes as a blessed relief.

What the public likes are not nudes but newts, a Fellow of the Zoological Society once assured us.

Snickers

BY the Great Horn Spoon of Rocamadour, Arcadia gets a bit of harmless fun now and then. Down our way even the hens, usually a mirthless people, are still laughing their tonsils off at a London daily which despatched a special emissary into the countryside a Sunday or two ago to blazon forth to millions of aghast City slickers a thumping agricultural scandal—a tale of silent fields, ungathered harvests, wheat, barley, oats, and rye standing idle in their stooks, and the criminal farmers not merely not hustling but doing absolutely nothing about it. (Presumably, though Fleet Street's emissary was too polite to say so, drunk, or asleep.)

Any toddling rural child, or the village nut, or even we, had we been there, could have explained to this ambassador from the Big Smoke—had he or she stooped to inquire of a hayseed, that is—that if you rick crops before they're properly aired it means spontaneous combustion and fires galore. Trying tactfully to smooth the matter over, Mr. W. J. Blyton, the agricultural authority, surmises that the job was given to a temporarily unemployed dramatic critic. It sounds to us Arcadians more like the Assistant Fashion Editress.

Well, that's the sort of thing the farmer has to put up with from Lunnon. No wonder that when he hears of all those grandiose official plans for post-war agriculture he spits twice and indulges in a little homespun rudery, racy of the soil.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"I see; the Sickie to take everythin' away afore the Jerries gets there, and the Hammer to crack 'em on the 'ead when they do"

Soviet Film Star

Lubov Orlova, Merited Actress of the R.S.F.S.R.

Ten years ago, Lubov Orlova, a blonde, graceful young actress who was already a success in musical comedy, went to a Moscow film studio for a test. But the director found her face un-photogenic, and turned her down right away. Undeterred, she went to another studio, this time was given and passed her test, and played a provincial actress in her first film, *Petersburg Night*. Since then her fame and popularity have spread through the picture-houses of the Soviet Union, she is in great demand as a concert singer (was given as souvenir at a Cheliabinsk tractor factory a piston-ring inscribed with a line from one of her songs), gets a big fan-mail, and has earned two decorations. *Gay Fellows*, *Circus*, *Volga-Volga*, *Bright Path* are some of her most successful films. Her newest is called *Star*, in which she has a double role as a film actress and a scientist



Children in the House of Pioneers in Moscow crowd round Orlova after she has sung to them. She studied music at the Moscow Conservatoire, was a musical-comedy actress before she went on the screen, worked at Nemirovich-Danchenko's famous theatre in Moscow. The songs she features in films are sung all over Russia



Her decorations show that Orlova is a Merited Actress of the R.S.F.S.R. and a Stalin Prize Laureate. Her face got her turned down without even a test by the first producer to whom she applied for film work



Her husband, Alexandrov, is a well-known film producer, and, like his wife, is a Stalin Prize Laureate. He holds his prize diploma here



A concert at the House of Trade Unions in Moscow gives Orlova a background of pillars and chandeliers. She sings at concerts all over Russia



Dancing Orlova learnt in a classical ballet school; she still takes classes regularly. She is also a trained acrobat

Letter From America

By Pamela Murray

One Year After

THIS is an anniversary letter. When I first wrote from Saratoga our particular shipload of mothers and children had docked at Halifax only a week or two before. The sinking of the Benares with the loss of hundreds of children's lives was making tragic headlines; the Battle of Britain had begun; America seemed to me to be fully awake, anxious of course, and unprepared, but emotionally keyed and raring to go. I told you the United States would be in the war by spring. I was wrong, because I judged by the atmosphere on the Eastern seaboard, without allowing for Germany's command of subversive influences and human tools.

A year ago, Messrs. Wheeler, Lindbergh and clever, anonymous Company had not played all Germany's cards more adroitly than she could herself. Without President Roosevelt, Mr. Hull, Mr. Willkie, etc., this German-inspired wave of organised disintegration, moral and mental, could have conquered without one bomb. It was a horrible phenomenon to observe as it spread a poisoned fog among even the most forthright, by playing on psychological doubts and fears, using "the appropriate weapons of any despotism which seeks to break the pattern of a people's life-cant and terror," to quote from *Catherine of Aragon*, a best-selling biography which will appear shortly chez vous. (The author is an American scholar whose book illuminates the century most akin to our own.)

To-day, Senator Wheeler and the embittered Lindbergh are still talking, but what they propagate no longer matters except to a minority; as the boys say on the race-track, they are only "running off the chin."

News from Saratoga

WHILE the cost of living rises steadily, the price of yearlings at the famous Saratoga sales showed an average below last year. A fancy figure was paid by Walter Chrysler, Jr., to whom Lord Carnarvon recently shipped that good mare, Lily of the Valley, for a colt by Hyperion, but the market was spotty, and after the first week there were several "bad" sales.

It may interest some of you to hear that

billionaire Jock Whitney, cousin of Miss Dorothy Paget, danced with his ex-wife, "Liz" Altemus Whitney, who has the same type of looks as Mrs. "Rose" Fiske, her former tenant in Virginia, now back in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry La Montaigne, the nicest pair of older refugees from Paris and Pau, bought a handsome colt by Blenheim, which she wants to name Malbruck, from the old doggerel. They are a distinguished addition to American racing, but one has the impression their hearts remained in France and with England, as is natural after so many years. His sister is the wife of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, who achieves nearly as much publicity as Bernard Shaw. What the dictatorial scholar says makes news, partly because the American takes everything literally—a characteristic British propagandists seldom allow for.

When better times come, the Savoy Hotel must book a trio of South American dancers, the Chandra-Kalys, who struck Saratoga as exquisitely different; the man having more than a dash of Nijinsky, the sisters a witty, disdainful air and no shoes.

Saratogans known to you include Mr. William Woodward, who corresponds with Cecil Boyd-Rochfort; Mr. "Ted" (for Theodore) Knapp, who used to shoot in Scotland; the "Brosé" Clarks; the "Laddie" Sanfords; the Clinton Clarks (he being Joe Widener's successor at Hialeah, Fla.); Isabel Dodge Sloane, whose father made cars; Elizabeth Arden, who has changed her trainer again; Messrs. Beverly Bogert, Austen Gray, and Willing Spencer (all staying with Mr. Woodward); Walter Jeffords, of the Jockey Club, who has been instrumental in importing horses through "Cecil"; the Hitchcock polo clan; Cornelius Whitney, who hates to be called "Sonny," and his new third wife; Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin; Mrs. Henry Carnegie Phipps, and Mr. Breckneridge Long, who could not stay long (pardon), being an Assistant Secretary of State. I heard an old friend reminding him with a chuckle that when he was Ambassador to Italy he had told America about Musso's formidable Navy, but she got no change of expression from the handsome Kentuckian, whose poker face may have advanced his career.

Good Works

LONG ISLANDERS in Nassau County have planned a "Thumbs Up" party for British War Relief, at which English actors will do *A Night in a London Music Hall*.

Mrs. ("Norway") Harriman's daughter, Ethel Borden, part author with Mary Cass Canfield of Gilbert Miller's *Anne of England*, is asking friends to its first night in aid of the Musicians' Emergency Fund. Flora Robson and Jessica Tandy will represent us.

The Emergency Rescue Committee does thrilling service, backed by Raymond Gram Swing and Dorothy Thompson. It tries to bring to safety "distinguished Europeans who are directly threatened," and has saved, among many others, André Breton,



Tennis Wedding

An attractive young pair of tennis players were married this summer in America. She was Virginia Wolfenden and he is Frank Kovacs. They and their half-dozen racquets were off to practise for the Eastern Grass Court Championship at Westchester Country Club

French writer; Heinrich Mann, brother of Thomas; and Franz Werfel, who wrote *Forty Days of Musa Dagh*.

The Latest Slang

RA.F. "language" is publicised in many featured articles, but few Americans are likely to bandy the terms, except "Mae West," already used by aviators here.

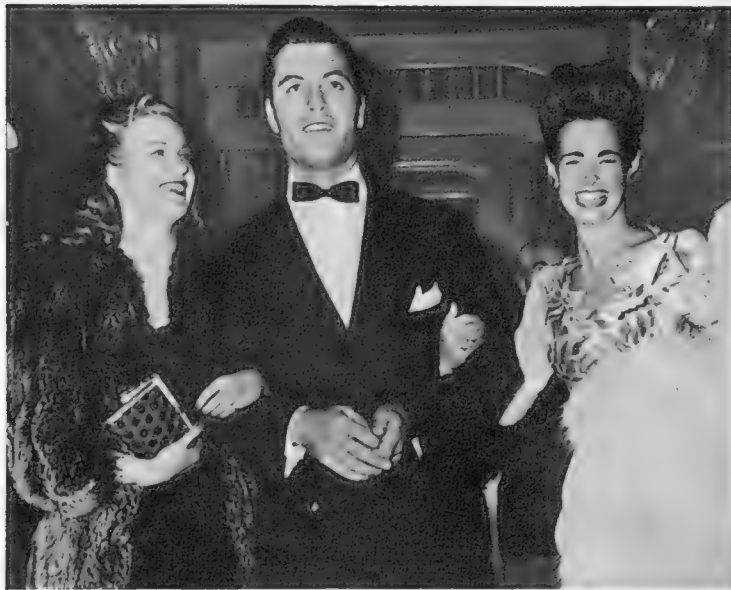
Incidentally, at an airport outside Providence, the old-world capital of the State of Rhode Island, forty budding pilots are taking a course from a young girl, a former model, who rates as one of the best instructors in the country. Her pupils do not resent being taught by a lovely, on the contrary; nor do they think it particularly unusual, because in this fam-ridden (Winchell's spelling) land, women teach boys in the public schools, while at home, Maggie brings up Father.

The United States Army has coined some worthy slang pieces in the last few months. "Armoured cow" equals canned milk; "blind flying" means a date with an unknown girl; "bubble dancing" is dish-washing; and to have "cockpit fog" is to be mentally lost. The radio operator becomes a "dit-da artist"; the tank a "galvanised gelding." Recruits and newly arrived selectees are "refugees," and a letter from a girl friend is a "sugar report." The soldier who falls into a very low category in Army classification tests is a "zombie." This new word for moron or dope, alias nitwit, is probably derived from the soulless human corpse reanimated by voodoo.

"Not a Happy Marriage"

THIS heading caught my eye, as is the way with bad news, and I was soon riveted by the following intelligence: "Mrs. Roslyn Glaubach brought suit in Brooklyn Supreme Court yesterday for separation from her husband, Dr. Jacob Glaubach, on the grounds that he poured hot soup in her lap, threw three-dozen eggs on the kitchen floor and jumped on them, pushed her out of bed, twice emptied the refrigerator of food, stuffed a pillow into her mouth, and broke several chairs in the living-room. Dr. Glaubach denied all charges, and declared that his marital troubles were due jointly to the depression and his mother-in-law. He said when his practice fell off he was denied food at home and forced to sleep on a cot which was too short for him."

Damon Runyon never did better than this conscientious *New York Times* reporter in a heat-wave.



Socialites at a Film Premiere

Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt, the seventeen-year-old heiress, and Cobina Wright, Jr., New York socialite and now an actress, went to the Hollywood premiere of "Charley's Aunt" with a young screen actor, George Montgomery

Family Party

Lord Brougham and Vaux's
Charming Wife
and Her Children

*Photographs
by Yevonde*



Lady Brougham and Vaux



Mother and Sons

Lady Brougham and Vaux was Miss Jean Follett, and is the only daughter of the late Brigadier-General G. B. S. Follett, who was killed in action during the last war, and of Lady Mildred FitzGerald, youngest sister of the Earl of Dunmore. She married the fourth Baron Brougham and Vaux as his second wife in 1935, and they have two children, Michael John, who is three years old, and a younger son, born in 1940. Lord Brougham has a nine-year-old son by his first marriage. His sister, Eileen, who married Major Thomas Davies, Grenadier Guards, in 1940, had a son last July

"The Nutmeg Tree"

Yvonne Arnaud in a New Play at the Lyric



Penurious Julia Packet (Yvonne Arnaud) quotes the Law: "You can't take the landlord's fittings," while broker's men batter at the door of her bathroom, where she has taken refuge with her faithful maid, Griffin (Winifred Oughton). While in this difficult situation Julia receives an invitation to visit her "little girl" Susan in Ireland, which she cheerfully accepts



Winifred Oughton gives an excellent performance as Griffin, Julia's devoted Cockney ladies' maid, who has social aspirations for her adored employer

"I had a little Nutmeg Tree and nothing would it bear, but a silver nutmeg and a golden pear." Yvonne Arnaud and Carl Lehmann represent the pear and the nutmeg in the stage version of Margery Sharp's novel *The Nutmeg Tree*, which comes to the Lyric Theatre to-morrow (October 9). The London opening after a provincial tour, was planned for early August, but was postponed owing to Yvonne Arnaud's illness. In the meantime, Irene Handl has left the cast, and her place as Ma Gnocchio has been taken by Naomi Jacob, the writer, who returns to the stage after several years. Produced by Irene Hentschel, this amusing comedy is described by Miss Arnaud as one of the best she has come across



The Four Ballatons try out their act on board ship bound for Ireland. Julia (Yvonne Arnaud) is a helpful spectator, while Gnocchio (Richard Carr) and Ma Gnocchio (Irene Handl), members of the same company, look on



Gnocchio falls for Julia over a glass of beer. The leader of the troupe of trapeze artists, picked up by Julia on the journey, causes her some embarrassment by following her to her daughter's home. Richard Carr as the third-rate music-hall actor steals a kiss from Yvonne Arnaud on the boat



"Is that yerself, John?" Maire O'Neill makes the most of a small but exacting part as the humorous, quick-tempered Irish maid



Plunged into the life of an Irish country house, Julia is made to feel sadly conscious of her inability to cope with polite society. Susan (Carla Lehmann) looks reprovingly at her mother at tea with her hostess (Helen Hayes). Susan's undesirable admirer, Bryan Relton (Robert Andrews), offers the cigarettes



Helen Hayes, as the charming and dignified chatelaine of the Irish country house, does her best to make Julia feel at home, and deals tactfully with the difficult situations caused by her unruly visitor

Photographs
by Anthony

Una Venning, excellent as the snobbish cousin, has a drink with Frederick Leister who plays Sir William Warring, successful aspirant for Julia's hand, with so much charm and polish. He is admirably cast and has some delightful scenes with Yvonne Arnaud



Lovely, blonde Carla Lehmann from Canada plays the rather priggish daughter Susan, who is somewhat of a disappointment to her sentimental mother. Bryan Relton, the engaging cad to whom she is temporarily engaged, is convincingly acted by Robert Andrews



With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Miss Peabody

MISS POLLY PEABODY, authoress of *Occupied Territory* (Cresset Press; 8s. 6d.), is decidedly a character in her own right. This intrepid American twenty-two-year-old travelled Europe, from early in 1940, in the wide zigzags made necessary by war. With her make-up case, her duffle-bag, her eiderdown and her typewriter, and, one imagines, not a hair out of place, she makes journeys of every degree of danger and of a discomfort few civilians could contemplate. She receives a tribute even from the distracted Pétain, to whom, early on in the Vichy chaos, she is introduced in the lobby of a hotel. "The Marshal arose and shook my hand, and said something about admiring American girls because they were so 'débrouillardes' and, unlike French girls, managed everything for themselves without any help. I don't think his remarks would have gone over very big with the French women, but fortunately there were none around."

Miss Peabody certainly shows herself independent, and—I think as great a merit—unself-conscious as well. Her feeling for her subject, which is of colossal interest, is very much greater than her feeling for herself: she is not concerned to show what a part she played, or to place in the forefront of her adventures one of those glamorous self-portraits with which lady adventurers sometimes indulge themselves. In fact, her character only appears by chance. Nothing discourages, nothing halts her, nothing checks the tactful readiness of her young tongue. Even Nazis who try conclusions with Miss Peabody are quickly reduced to regretful silence, and even the most embattled, suspicious frontiers always somehow open to slip her through. She has the born news-hawk's genius for—quite often quite

inadvertently—reaching a new country just at its fateful hour. "The fact," she says, "that every time I arrived in a country I did so just in time to assist at its funeral, made me think that perhaps I ought to give up travelling altogether."

Proper Spirit

THIS last quotation, taken out of its context, may sound jarringly flippant, or set one's teeth on edge. If so, by giving it prominence I am being unfair to Miss Peabody, for the whole of her book is characterised by a deep respect for the spirit of those occupied countries whose humiliation she is witnessing. If she is young in her debonair eagerness, she is old, or seems old, in her sorrow for old traditions and time-honoured soil being outraged. Her matter-of-factness, her surface lightness of manner arise, I think, from the feeling—common to many of us—that until all this is over one dare not let oneself go. In fact, she limits herself to being a raconteuse—and in this she not only shows impeccable taste, but a great flair for detail and for the importance of incidents that seem small in themselves. Myself, I find her book entirely satisfactory: she has told me almost everything that I wanted to know.

She tells us, first, about Norway. She had begun by leaving New York for Finland as a member of the American-Scandinavian Field Hospital. The expedition had got as far as Norway when Denmark and Norway were invaded: they therefore halted at Namsos, which became their base. Pictures of the bombardments, of the growing distress, of choked roads and sun-and-snow glaring valleys that became death-traps are unforgettable. After the evacuation the unit escaped to Sweden, and Miss Peabody set her face towards France, where she

had hopes that the unit might be re-formed. The only open route from Sweden to France proved to be via Moscow, so to Moscow she, having carried through the necessary formalities with a high hand, takes 'plane alone. She did not at all like Moscow, as she then found it, and she frankly and without prejudice tells us why. An unsavoury train journey—with her coach unhitched on a siding and apparently forgotten there for some days—brings her at last to Bucharest, at a sensational moment in politics. From Bucharest to Venice, then Milan: she gives some unpleasant pictures of the state of mind of her, once-beloved Italy—at Milan she so far forgot herself as to boo in a cinema, and was within a distance of being mobbed. Then Geneva, with the great League of Nations buildings deserted, full of silence and irony. "I passed hundreds of closed doors from which no sound emanated. The only break in the deathlike silence was the ring of my heels on the polished floors."

Vichy and Paris

WITH Miss Peabody's impressions of Vichy, then Paris, the most deeply interesting part of her book begins. She describes not only Vichy's hectic physical crowdedness, but its dreadful psychological atmosphere. Old Pétain, when she first meets him, sits jostled by crowds in a hotel lobby because he has literally no other place to sit. (This was in the early days.) The hero-worship of Laval by hysterical ladies surprises Miss Peabody—as it would us. Some shower small trophies on him, one asks to drink from his glass. After the masochistic prostration of Vichy the spirit of occupied Paris—to which she pursues her way—appears all the more superb. This observer's pictures of Paris, echoing with Boche footsteps, but hanging grimly on to its old soul and indulging, with the famous Parisian toupet, in satirical oblique wit at the Boche expense, should be known by all who are tempted to misjudge France. Then, on a visit to Brest to look up her old nurse, Miss Peabody is involved in one of the R.A.F. raids. This is how the Bretons took it:

On the first night of my visit, we had just finished eating dinner, when suddenly hell broke loose. At least fifteen A.A. guns went into action, and their fire made the panes rattle. . . .

(Concluded on page 58)



A Poultry Auction Sale at the Zoo in Aid of the Red Cross Agricultural Fund

At an auction sale of pullets held not long ago at the Zoo, Miss Ruby Miller, the well-known actress, auctioned a cocker puppy, Victory Sign of Ware. With her is Lord Iliffe, chairman of the Executive Committee of the Red Cross and St. John Ambulance Fund, who later took a ride on a camel

Judy Campbell, one of the stars of "Lady, Behave!", with a pullet in her arms, and Jack Jackson, orchestra leader, had a talk with two Red Cross nurses, members of the Sunningdale detachment. Judy Campbell was the original singer of that famous song, "A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square"

Miss Evelyn Foster, film-actress from Perth, auctioned some of the chickens at the Zoo. She is making a come-back to the screen after three years' convalescing from a fractured spine, due to a fall from a horse in the Row. She played in "Check-mate" and "Highland Fling" before her accident



Lady Addison helps her husband as much as possible with his work as Chairman of the Agricultural War Executive Committee, and they are both extremely busy people. Their house in the Chilterns is run on labour-saving lines, as Lady Addison has no time to waste on domestic problems

A Politician at Home

Lord and Lady Addison in Buckinghamshire



Neighbours is Lord and Lady Addison's Home

*Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick*

Lord Addison, Chairman of the Agricultural War Executive Committee, and Lady Addison, live in Bucks. Their white, tiled house, Neighbours, at Radnage, was only completed recently. Lady Addison takes a personal interest in the Radnage village war effort, and is president of the Women's Institute, whose knitting party have provided many garments for Lady Kemsley's *Daily Sketch* Fund. She is also vice-president of the district Red Cross. Radnage, incidentally, raised over £8000 for War Weapons Week. Lord Addison, besides being a distinguished medical man and specialist in anatomy, has taken a very active and varied part in politics since 1910, when he was elected Liberal Member for Hoxton Division of Shoreditch. In 1917, as Minister in Charge of Reconstruction, he was given the same task as Mr. Greenwood and Lord Reith are facing to-day, and later, as the first Minister of Health, he was in charge of the tremendous problems of post-war re-housing. He has twice represented Swindon as Labour M.P., and was at the Ministry of Agriculture as Parliamentary Secretary and as Minister in 1929-31

Lord and Lady Addison Consider the Lilies



Lady Addison's pet kitten, Rudy, arrived on the same day as Rudolf Hess, hence his name. Lady Addison is an expert needlewoman, and very fond of making and designing samplers, but she has no time at present for this favourite hobby



With Silent Friends

(Continued)

My nurse and her husband and the children jumped to their feet. We hastily extinguished the lights and lit a candle.

"Hooray! Hooray! for the Royal Air Force!" they cried. "Go on! Hit them hard! Bomb them to blazes!"

The youngest boy grabbed a frying-pan and a spoon and went sailing round the kitchen table, beating it like a drum. We rushed to the windows and watched the streaks of light in the sky: it was terribly exciting and a new experience for me, who had not yet been bombed by friendly 'planes. "They can come and destroy our houses: we will build them again. What matters is our freedom," said my nurse. And there, amidst the thundering noise of the bombardment, we stood round the kitchen table and sang "La Marseillaise" and "God Save the King."

And So to "Blitz"

PORTUGAL being the sole route from France to England, our young American now turns her face South. In ghostly Biarritz, still full of bars and loungers, she finds an American cousin on honeymoon, and with the couple makes a motor journey through Spain. Chaotic, jammed, nervous, rapacious Portugal is her last Continental picture; she takes 'plane for our shores. Could Miss Peabody fail to arrive in London in time for some heavy "blitzes"? She does not. . . .

The first impulse behind the writing of *Occupied Territory* may have been the vehement impulse to Tell America. But this is just as much a book for the English. It gives us much to admire, much to pity—and a great many facts that we ought to know.

Flight from the Front Porch

MR. ROBERT NATHAN has had the excellent idea of describing war in modern America. *They Went on Together* (Heinemann; 6s.) is the story of a small-town family—a boy, his mother, his four-year-old sister, her doll—swept into the great sad, perplexed flood of refugees as

war rolls down on them from behind. Enemy 'planes zoom above the congested roads and, passing ahead, destroy other small towns in which the refugees had hoped to find friendly faces, safety, shelter, food, rest. In fact, here are all the conditions of France in the early summer of 1940 transferred, for the story's purpose, to immune America. This, however, is far from being a horrific book—it is tenderly written, has some delicate comedy and nice portraits of American young people. If it has a fault, one might say that it is on the sentimental side—but the sentimentality is so very elusive that it does not cloy. Mom, indomitably pushing the baby carriage among and against war traffic, imperturbable small Marie Rose chattering to her doll Louisa, Paul and his new-found friend Sylvie, the molasses-haired girl who has lost her own family, lagging alongside, are all very living people. They continue to live, and they touch our hearts, by their solid human normality.

In fact, the moral of *They Went on Together*—for decidedly Mr. Nathan means it to have a moral—seems to be, that there is a sweetness and decency in the human heart, especially in the young heart, that cataclysms and horrors cannot destroy. Inarticulately, the children talk about war—or wonder about it, to themselves, as they lie awake in open fields in the night, watching the red of burning homes fill the sky. Mom, meanwhile, sustains herself on that domestic philosophy and on vague fragments of the try-and-be-good religion that seems never to fail women of her kind. Tiredness, hunger, danger count for less with this simple party than home-sickness: they ache for the loss of familiar things—Paul's stamp collection, the swimming-pool, their own street at every time of the day. This is a story less about tragedy than minor, quite unexpected sadnesses—but also it pictures the consolations that simple people find for themselves. It could only have been written by someone whose imagination was still sensitive, not hardened by the terrible facts of war.

As a story it is also very exciting: there is, for instance, that bad moment when one half of the party loses the other half; there is Mom's theft of the boat, and Paul's and Sylvie's ordeal on the bombarded railway line. In fact, *They Went on Together* is absorbing and endlessly unexpected, from the first to the last page. I paid it the tribute of finding it too short.

Contrasts

IN *The Flower Show Match and Other Pieces* (Faber and Faber; 3s. 6d.) we have a selection, made by the author himself, from the prose works of Mr. Siegfried Sassoon. The selection, the arrangement of the pieces, is in itself a work of art: this small volume presents extraordinary contrasts; it seems to show every aspect, every phase of experience, of a man's life that has been lived to the full. In how few writers do we find, as in Mr. Sassoon, the outer and inner life so perfectly balanced: activity and imagination seem, with him, to play equal parts; and it is to this, perhaps, that we owe the beauty, depth and nervous force of his writing. *The Flower Show Match* links up childish pleasures, boyish ambitions, sport, games, the grim realities of the last war and a contemplative love of the English countryside. There are some bits of glorious comedy—such as *The Mister*: tale of two British officers hunting in County Limerick under the doubtful patronage of a local tough.

Straight Poetry

MISS EDITH SITWELL gives us, in *Look! the Sun* (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.), an anthology of poems, meant not only for children, but for all who are able to bring to poetry a natural, unspoiled and happy love. Her selection, which covers a wide range, seems to me to have been inspired. Set among some unfamiliar gems—translations from the Chinese, rare old ballads—well-known poems regain their first freshness and go straight to the heart. Let those who think they cannot read poetry pick up *Look! the Sun* and try once again.

Caravan Causerie . . .

By Richard King

ONE of the advantages of living in a caravan is that you can finish nearly all your domestic chores in an hour. This leaves you with the rest of the day in front of you in which to make all untidy again. And that for me, being a man, is comforting. Honestly, you can be too neat in both mind, body and estate. I never want to make my home in a house which at every hour of the day assumes the brightness of a new pin. I like a little dust. It is homely and human. The over-precise mind is a chilly intelligibility. The head whereon not a single hair is ever out of place usually covers a brain which is under a net as well. Indeed, I prefer life to go all *négligé* on occasion, because the mind and spirit have to follow suit, and this is good for them. The so-called Italian Garden, however beautifully laid out, is depressing beside the herbaceous border, unless that too has gone all arty-and-crafty. Civilisation isn't merely a question of mass-production and docketing, as so many political reformers seem to imply. I like life to have room for a little emotional savagery. It helps the imagination and so keeps one sane. I should not like to live in a world without sin. No shame, no repentance, no wild defiance, and the human soul dies of its own dull purity. Boredom is one of the aspects in an Evangelical Heaven which Evangelists never seem to visualise, though it stares them in the face.

Since there is nobody in my caravan whom I may disturb by any eccentricity of behaviour, I am usually up by half-past four in the morning. If you can go to bed soon after ten o'clock every night, this is a lovely hour at which to rise. People scarcely know the full beauty of the world in which they live unless they know it before

other human beings are afoot. To watch the night fade gently before the slow oncoming of the dawn is to experience a revelation of sheer loveliness which only the deepening twilight of an October day can rival; but the twilight has a weariness which the dawn can never know. Even the pine-trees, which form the background to my caravan as you view it from the road, look darkly mysterious as gradually the light behind turns them into silhouettes.

Usually I dislike pine-trees. They always look so weary of their perpetual greenness; like Victorian widows relentlessly wearing out their funeral "weeds" throughout the changes of temperature and season. The effect from afar may be impressive, but near at hand it is merely dusty. Moreover, the pine-trees which surround me on one side drop their cones upon the roof with all the vindictiveness of shrapnel. And this reminds me of war, and, when all the world is enveloped in the velvet of nightfall or of dawn, wars are tragedies I do not wish to remember. I like only to listen to that silence which yet is so full of mysterious music; a kind of symphony of perfect stillness in which the gentle rustle of the wind in the trees and the first song-notes of the birds are the only soloists. Just for a little while I want to forget. I shall remember all too soon.

This morning the remembrance will have sweetness mingled with its bitterness. For at seven o'clock "Jock" will arrive. I shall hear the tap-tap of his stick as he finds his way along the guide-rail. He is twenty-two and he was blinded by a hand-grenade in France just before the "miracle" which was Dunkirk.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review
of Weddings and Engagements



Wills—Wingate

Captain Samuel Jarvis Wills, Princess Louise's Kensington Regiment, only son of the late S. J. Wills, and Mrs. Wills, of Pewley Hill, Guildford, Surrey, and Pamela Selina Wingate, younger daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. G. F. R. Wingate, and Mrs. Wingate, of Bury Cottage, Chesham, Bucks., were married at St. Mary's, Chesham



Felicity Paley Scott

Felicity Paley Scott, second daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. H. C. Scott, of 107, Clifton Green, York, and niece of C. Paley Scott, K.C., will be married on October 25th in York to Lieutenant Patrick John Vincent Gordon, R.A., son of H. Percy Gordon, of Inglewood, Rickmansworth, Herts.



Nares—MacFarlane

Lieut. J. G. Nares, R.N., only son of Vice-Admiral John D. Nares and Mrs. Nares, of 20, Lowndes Square, S.W.1, and Marguerite Louise MacFarlane, youngest daughter of the late William John MacFarlane, and Mrs. MacFarlane, of Monie Carlo, were married at Chelsea Register Office



Second-Lieut. Brian Charles Lascelles Tayleur, King's Hussars, only son of Brigadier and Mrs. C. L. O. Tayleur, and Enid Monica Pierce-Goulding, only daughter of the Rev. Canon E. Pierce-Goulding, of Edmonton, Canada, were married earlier this year at Jullundur, India. With them here are Lieut. J. W. Bankes, King's Hussars, best man; Miss Annette Clemence and Miss Patricia Farmer, bridesmaids; and Colonel W. Clemence



Annesley—Macdonald

Gerald Annesley, son of Lady Mabel Annesley, and a well-known Irish racehorse owner, and Mary Macdonald, daughter of the late Major D. R. Macdonald, and Mrs. Macdonald, of Hollymont, Carlow, were married at Newcastle, Co. Down. He has two daughters by his first wife, the Earl of Roden's elder daughter, who divorced him last year

Tayleur—Pierce-Goulding



Capt. and Mrs. Molyneux-Carter

A recent marriage in Nairobi was that of Captain and Mrs. K. P. Molyneux-Carter. He is in the Lancashire Fusiliers, and is the son of the late Major-Gen. B. C. Molyneux-Carter, and Mrs. Molyneux-Carter, of Newbury, Berks. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Rand-Overy, of Nairobi



Rotherham—Hayter

Wing-Commander John Kevitt Rotherham, R.A.F., only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Rotherham, of Barford, Warwick, and Margot Susan Hayter, Section Officer, W.A.A.F., youngest daughter of Major J. G. Hayter, of Bishops Mead, Farnham, Surrey, and the late Mrs. Hayter, were married at Farnham

(Concluded on page 62)

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

A Debt of Honour

THE suggestion made by the Senior Steward of the Jockey Club that racing should make a substantial donation to the Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund—an unhappy title, as I think—will, of course, be responded to by everyone connected with the Turf and all such other forms of sport as may be in operation at this moment—and greyhound racing appears to be one that is flourishing amazingly.

Lord Sefton's idea is obviously a most excellent one, and it is a pity that it was not conceived much earlier in this flat-racing season, which is now on the wane. There would have been a rich harvest at the meetings at which the Two Thousand, the Derby and Leger were run. The Stewards of the National Hunt will, naturally, wheel into line with the Jockey Club, but as jump racing is so restricted, and even in time of peace does not get the gate which the flat does, the possible crop of subscribers to this suggested fund cannot hope to be as heavy as it would have been if an earlier start had been made. The place to catch your subscriber was, and is, at the turnstiles, for it is there that there is the best chance of getting in the mickle which makes the muckle.

Lord Sefton is very right when he says that the racing world is noted for its generous support of charitable objects. This is no charitable object, but a debt of honour which can never be adequately discharged by every mother's son and daughter of us. We are running more deeply into debt every day and night.

The addresses to which subscriptions can be sent, so far as this flat racing fund is concerned, are:

Mr. H. R. Buck (Hon. Treasurer), Barclays Bank, Ltd., Newmarket, or to the

Countess Fitzwilliam, Wentworth Wood House, Rotherham, Yorks, or to Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh (Hon. Secretary), Exning, Newmarket.

I suggest, however, that something much wider should be set afoot. If this were done, instead of the £1,000,000 which is a modest minimum estimate, double or treble that amount could be collected towards our debt. At present I am sure that many of us feel like fraudulent bankrupts.

Foxhunters' Spitfire

LADY FITZWILLIAM, who was the originator of the scheme for purchase of Spitfires from funds subscribed by various Hunts, writes that the amount subscribed by Hunts—so far, as I think I want to add—is £3150 1s. 6d., and adds: "The balance of the cheque for £5000 which I have sent to the Minister for Air was subscribed by Hoyland Local and Elsecar, £620; collection at Stubbin Pithead, £60; collection at Newton Chambers, £30; and the rest by private subscriptions."

	£	s.	d.
Bramham - - - - -	120	0	0
Cambridgeshire - - - - -	32	4	9
Cheshire, North - - - - -	78	0	0
Cleveland - - - - -	25	0	0
Cottesmore - - - - -	1254	5	2
Cotswold, North - - - - -	212	0	0
Craven - - - - -	63	6	0
Devon, East - - - - -	16	0	0
Dumfriesshire - - - - -	10	0	0
Dumfriesshire Otterhounds - - - - -	10	0	0
Ecclesfield Beagles - - - - -	6	1	1
Eridge - - - - -	65	10	6
Fitzwilliam - - - - -	164	3	0
Countess Fitzwilliam - - - - -	265	0	0
Gogerddan - - - - -	5	0	0
Lartington Harriers - - - - -	50	0	0
Mendip - - - - -	2	0	0
Oakley - - - - -	3	3	0
Puckeridge - - - - -	3	0	0



Model Boat Builder

Air Commodore Chamier, the Commandant of the Air Training Corps, has turned the bathroom at A.T.C. headquarters into a workshop. His hobby is building model boats, and he is seen at work on one of them

	£	s.	d.
Sinnington - - - - -	33	7	0
Southwold - - - - -	10	0	0
Staffordshire, North - - - - -	34	3	0
Stevenstone - - - - -	41	14	0
Taunton Vale - - - - -	59	10	0
Vine - - - - -	5	0	0
Warwickshire - - - - -	315	2	6
Warwickshire Pony Club, Area I - - - - -	41	0	0
Zetland - - - - -	225	11	6

It may be said, I think, in view of the hard times upon which Hunts have fallen, that the result achieved is highly creditable, but there is still room for more. The above list lacks many well-known names.

Truncated Races

THE New Cesarewitch, which is the next big long-distance race we are about to witness (October 22nd), is exactly 416 yards short of the real distance (2½ miles), and the New St. Leger was 132 yards short of the



Pilot and Observer Escape From Burning Aircraft

Captain Glenn Bateman, pilot, and Lieut. de Burgh White, observer, were two of the crew of a Glenn Martin bomber of the South African Air Force who made spectacular escapes when their 'plane was set on fire over Cyrenaica. Attacked by Messerschmitts, the pilot circled his burning aircraft to allow the rest of the crew to bale out, before "leaving the building" himself. All members of the crew, one of them badly wounded, were picked up by the Army, and returned to their base in another bomber



The C.O. of the R.A.F. in Russia, With His Family

A New Zealander, Wing-Com. A. N. G. Ramsbottom-Isherwood commands the R.A.F. wing now operating in Russia. He was first in the New Zealand Territorial Army, and joined the R.A.F. in 1930, and has served in many parts of the Empire. An armament expert, he received the A.F.C. for technical achievements. With him in this photograph are his wife and daughter, Jacqueline Marie

Vandyk

classic distance. The New Cambridgeshire was 220 yards short of the long-established distance of 1 mile 1 furlong.

There are those who hold that in such contests it is a clear case of "the little more, how much it is," and they may well be right, for it is unquestionably true that the last straw will break the camel's back. The limit of all endurance is quite definite; but where racing is concerned there is always lurking behind the thing which has been called, *maladroitletly*, as some think, "the glorious uncertainty."

A case in point, this year's substitute St. Leger at Manchester. Many who saw that race—which, unhappily, I did not—thought that Dancing Time, in receipt of the customary sex allowance of 3 lb., would have beaten the two colts in front of her if there had been that extra 132 yards to go. She was a head and a length behind the winner, Sun Castle. By rough reckoning those distances equal 4 lb., but in this case it may not be so rough, for they were all out in that fighting finish. Dancing Time was getting her 3 lb. sex allowance, so count it up. In this case it is obviously necessary to bear in mind the elementaries, which say that what A thinks is no better evidence than what B says he has heard that the butler told the cook.

Another case: they said that Chateau Larose must have beaten the three placed ones in the 1 mile 5 furlongs Andover Plate on August 8th if he had not got his run so late. Here the supposition is supported by what happened in the Leger, in which Chateau Larose was only beaten a head, and Mazarin, who won the Andover Plate by a head, had Royalist behind him, a neck between second and third, Thoroughfare, and Chateau Larose, not much more than that behind, was fourth. But we do not know for certain.

The Most Altered Distance

THE most outstanding case of altered distances is the one over which the Two Thousand and the One Thousand are run, called the Rowley Mile, after Charles II.'s famous old hack. From 1822 to 1853 it was 1 mile and 1 yard; its original distance in Stuart days, as it may be presumed; from then till 1888, 1 mile 17 yards; from 1888



Splicing the Main Brace: by Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

On special occasions, such as a victory or a royal visit, "Splice the main brace" is the time-honoured signal. It means a double tot of rum for all hands. The grog tins are filled and the leading hands of each mess come along with their mess cans to draw their allowance. The Petty Officers dole it out and a P.O. "writer" checks the amounts. The oak tubs bear the slogan, "The King, God bless him," in brass letters. Splicing the main brace is a relic of the old sailing days, a difficult operation in bad weather deserving a suitable reward

till 1902, 1 mile 11 yards; and from 1902 till to-day, 1 mile.

No other race of note has had so many alterations made, and no classic has been altered at all since the St. Leger run in this war. The Derby and Oaks have been taken away from Epsom for the second time during hostilities, but their distances have remained the same, and during the last war the Grand National was taken to Gatwick. Last year there was talk of running it at Cheltenham, but in the end the authorities decided not to run it at all, on the principle, I expect, of *aut Aintree aut nullus*. I think that that expressed the sentiments of a good many, for neither Cheltenham nor Gatwick is Aintree, and never will be.

Erin Go Bragh

GENERAL SIR HUBERT GOUGH's suggestion for an Irish Brigade, to be perhaps

expanded to a division, is certain to meet with approval from every Irishman, no matter where he may live, for politics have small place in his mind when there is a fight on and he is not in it. We have only to remember that old yarn about the man who said "Sorr, is this a privut foight or can annyone join in?"

Old soldiers of the Private Mulvaney epoch in our military history will also, no doubt, recall how one very famous Irish regiment was on the brink of open mutiny when it was not sent upon service when a particularly bloody little campaign was in progress on the North-West Frontier in India. This regiment was in the second échelon and not due to be called upon unless circumstances demanded expansion of the force detailed. "The Black Tyrones" were just spoiling for a fight, as are so many fine units in England at this moment.

I do not know whether, in amplification of Sir Hubert Gough's good idea, it would be in order to suggest the re-embodiment of such fine regiments as the Connaught Rangers, the "Linsters," Munsters, the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, and so forth, but I feel that it would not be exactly unpopular. Ironically, the motto of the Connaught Rangers is "*Quis Separabit?*" This, incidentally, is also the motto of the Royal Irish Rifles, but they, unlike the Connaughts, have survived the general disbandment and live in Ulster.

In any case, I am sure that the distinguished General is right and that the "Rally!" has only to be sounded to find Irishmen in all the Three Kingdoms jumping to it. This is no "privut foight!"



The Headquarters Staff of a Famous Anti-Aircraft Unit

Elliott & Fry

Front row: Junr. Com. M. M. Hemelryk, A.T.S., Majors Rev. W. R. A. Brown, M.C., J. Y. B. Sharpe, F. D. Williamson, Lieut.-Colonel J. A. E. Burls, O.B.E., Colonel S. J. L. Lindeman, M.C., Lieut.-Colonel C. A. H. Chadwick, Major-General R. F. E. Whittaker, O.B.E., T.D., Colonel H. R. Stranack, Lieut.-Colonels A. Hemsley, M.B.E., T.D., H. Ervin, O.B.E., P. L. Folkes, Majors W. L. Roberts, M.C., T. W. Smith. Middle row: Lieuts. V. G. J. Jenkins, W. K. Carson, Major J. R. Gunn, Captains E. H. Deane, D. M. J. Dear, H. G. F. West, Majors J. J. Davis, C. W. S. Gardner, Captains E. B. W. Malet, T. L. Silverston, G. C. Duff-Sutherland-Dunbar, H. F. M. de Paula, Major G. E. Phillips, Lieuts. F. L. P. de Winton, A. Chilcott. Back row: Lieut. H. T. P. Nash, Sec.-Lieut. G. A. Elliot, Lieuts. W. Hunt, R. S. Lawrence, Captains H. M. Barton, W. E. Hodgson, A. L. G. Adye, E. S. Field, V. C. Hunt, G. P. D. Ward, D.S.O., C. V. Kúcat, A. E. A. Wood, Lieut. R. H. Redshaw, Sec.-Lieut. J. B. Mayor, Lieut. P. L. Barker

Getting Married (Continued)



Ilott—Fletcher

Sec.-Lieut. Michael M. Ilott, R.E., only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Montague Ilott, and Rosemary Fletcher, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh N. Fletcher, of 45, Brunswick Square, Hove, were married at Malling Church, Sussex



Payne—Burton

Lieut. John William Griffin Payne, R.N., only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. W. Payne, of the Old Cottage, Burcot, Abingdon, and Peggy Gordon Burton, only daughter of Mrs. Mark Taylor, and stepdaughter of Commander Mark Taylor, R.N., were married at St. Peter's, Fareham, Hants.



Daintrey—Hardy

Captain Adrian Daintrey, R.E., and Pamela Mary Hardy were married at Christ Church, Chelsea. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Daintrey, of Pinchurst Heights Hotel, Willey, Surrey. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hardy, of 24, Albany Mans., S.W.11, is a member of the Chelsea Red Cross



Hagenaar—Psilliary Bey

Lieut. K. Bauke Hagenaar, Royal Netherlands Navy, and Amélie Hélène Psilliary Bey were married at St. James's, Spanish Place. She is the daughter of the late M. C. Psilliary Bey, of the Turkish Diplomatic Corps, and Mme. Psilliary Bey, of 11, Craven Hill, W.2, and niece of Marquis Soubart de Nully, former Governor of Indo-China



Merritt—Chad

Lieut. A. I. Merritt, R.N., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Merritt, of Papatoetoe, Auckland, N.Z., and Denyse Chad, only daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. T. E. Chad, of Gibraltar, and White Gable, Freshfield, Lincs., were married at Holy Trinity, Formby



Whitehead—Elder

Lieut. Peter Arthur Whitehead, R.N., and Margaret Aileen Elder, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Elder, of Pitbauchlie, Dunfermline, Fife, were married at Dunfermline Abbey. He is the only son of the late A. Whitehead, and Mrs. Whitehead, of Highcliffe, Hants.



Lewis—Bradfield

Wing-Commander Kenneth Purdon Lewis and Gillian Mary Bradfield, Section Officer, W.A.A.F., daughter of the late R. Bradfield, and Mrs. Bradfield, of Holmwood Park, Dorking, Surrey, were married at St. Mary Magdalene's, Holmwood. He is the only son of the late R. P. Lewis, and Mrs. Lewis, of Ismailia, Egypt



Leese—Turner

Lieut. Ronald George Leese, R.E., second son of E. H. Leese, of St. Anne's-on-Sea, and Mrs. V. E. Leese, of Dingleside, Hale, Cheshire, and Pamela Turner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Basil Turner, of Whiteways, Whitchurch, Oxon., were married at St. Mary's, Whitchurch



Carkeet-James—Beckett

Lieut.-Col. Charles Alexander Carkeet-James, R.A., and Naomi Elizabeth Beckett, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Beckett, of Wicksted, Whitchurch, Shropshire, were married at Whitchurch. He is the second son of Charles Carkeet-James, of Littleshaw, Woldingham, Surrey



Schweppes, sir,
of course

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Design for Fighting

Two things, one recent and one remote, will remain in my mind as vivid proofs of the innate and unchanging barbarity of the English people. The first I noticed when I began, only a few weeks ago, to travel by train. In the past I have travelled by motor-car or aeroplane, because these vehicles provide a more civilised and more individual form of travel. But petrol limitations have now diverted me to the railways.

And when I walked on to the platform of a Southern Railway station, I saw with mingled incredulity and astonishment that a compartment in one of the coaches was labelled "Ladies Only." That surely is the supreme insult to all railway travellers, the last word in cattle psychology, the ultimate and absolute inhumanism, the mark of the beast expressed in city and suburban language.

The other proof occurred at a Royal Air Force station long ago, when we had a variant of the W.A.A.F.s. At this station there was a contingent of these women, and they were housed separately in their own little village as it were. And after a short time it was decided to erect an 8-ft. barbed-wire fence all round this "village."

I have no idea whether it was intended to keep the airwomen in or the airmen out, but it was certainly a revelation of the official ways of thinking in these matters. It was a proof that the official mind—whatever the other mind may be—is still barbarous. It still thinks that it is right to enforce a code of conduct by regulations, notices and barbed wire.

All of which leads me to my greatest grouse about the present war. It is a grouse that I hear at almost every Royal Air Force station I visit directly formality is over and informality begins. It is that the monastic, public-school life is not well suited to the fighting man, and that keeping a lot of hale and hearty young men penned in away from the world does not help them to fight well.

I speak not only on behalf of the officers, but also on behalf of many non-commissioned officers and airmen. Only a day or two ago a Leading Aircraftman complained bitterly at being stationed at one of the beauty spots of

England, a place which people travel thousands of miles to see!

He said that he only wished he were back home at—and he mentioned one of the smokiest, dirtiest, ugliest, slummiest parts of the whole of England. But I took his point. It was that in his dirty, ugly home town he was part of a normal, indeed a "civilised" in the strictest sense, social structure. He was not segregated with a lot of other people very like himself.

The matter should not be underrated. This self-sufficient tradition in the British flying service, like that of the British public schools, is harmful. It leads inevitably first to boredom, and then to active irritation and annoyance. The cure should come first from the R.A.F. doctors, who should recognise the symptoms and advocate the cure.

Regulation XYZ

MEANWHILE, under Regulation this-that-and-the-other, night clubs are being shut down with twice the energy with which we defended Crete, and ten times the efficiency. Almost the only thing that Regulations seem to be unable to do now is to cause those Civil Servants who—in effect—wield them with such fierceness to sign their names legibly.

I suppose that I have at some time or other received a letter from a Government department with a legible signature at the bottom, but I cannot remember doing so.

I have just looked through some recent correspondence with the War Office, the Home Office, and the Air Ministry. This was official correspondence; and not letters between friends. In no case was I able to read the signatures.

All of which makes me think that the illegible signature is a Civil Service device, like writing bad English, intended to cloak the individual in the maximum obscurity and to ensure that responsibility will not be brought home.

Seriously, however, I would recommend all Government departments to order that those who serve them should either sign their names legibly, or, if they are incapable of doing that,



The Motor Industry Provides a Squadron

The Motor Industry Fighter Fund has now achieved its ambition to provide a complete fighter squadron for the R.A.F. Mr. H. G. Starley, the organising secretary of the Fund, was presented with a souvenir in recognition of his initiative and enthusiasm, by Lieut.-Col. Arthur Waite, the chairman

have them typed clearly in underneath their marks. Surely this is in the spirit of Mr. Churchill's order against circuitous jargon.

Mr. Churchill speaks straight and to the point. He writes well. Could not our Civil Servants be persuaded to imitate the Prime Minister in some of these things at least?

An Air Leader

I suppose it is natural, when the country has found its greatest leader, that every branch of activity should want him to look to their own interests. But how I wish that aviation had its Churchill. In the war of 1914-18, we had our Trenchard, who, whatever his failings in other ways, was a supremely great air leader. This time we have no such dominant personality.

Often I feel that we ought to get Trenchard back. He has that tremendous grasp and boldness that are needed so urgently. Our air policy proclaims the absence of a leader with a dominant idea. It is only saved because the Prime Minister does look to it sometimes on points of supreme importance. I believe the decision to build up the Coastal Command so swiftly and to put it under the operational control of the Admiralty was his. And it is proving a sound decision, for our aircraft are now playing an extremely successful part in winning the Battle of the Atlantic.

The truth is that aviation, like so many other things, wishes that we could multiply Mr. Churchill and put him in charge of everything.



Officers of an R.A.F. School of Technical Training

Guy C. Mills

Front row: A.-S.-O. Davis; S.-O. Thomson; Sq.-Ldrs. Anson, Alderson; Wing-Cmdrs. Taylor, Cooke, D.S.C., A.F.C.; the Commanding Officer; a Senior Officer; Wing-Cmdrs. Muschamp, Wilson; Rev. Sq.-Ldr. Porter; Flt.-Off. Lofius; S.-O. Hallsmith. Middle row: Flt.-Lt. Martin; Rev. Sq.-Ldr. Jones; Sq.-Ldrs. Gott, D.S.M., Downer, Hulse; Rev. Sq.-Ldr. Rorke; Flt.-Lts. Palmer, M.C., Mathews, Padfield, Badham; Capt. Halliwell; Sq.-Ldr. Morton; Flt.-Lt. Younger; Sq.-Ldrs. Taylor, Rees, M.B.E. Back row: Flt.-Lts. O'Brien, Waldron; F.-O. Atherton; Flt.-Lts. McIntyre, Collins, Bracey; F.-O.s Hawes, Dunn; Flt.-Lts. Turnbull, Ganter; Lieut. Budge; Flt.-Lts. Abrahams, Mann, M.C., Humphries, Atkinson; F.-O. Bullus



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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION



by M. E. BROOKE



There are no coupons needed for hats even when they are generously trimmed with fur. The Russian influence is noticeable in those pictured, from Harrods, Knightsbridge. It is heavier that is used for their decoration: mink, Persian lamb and nutria may be substituted; of course, the colour of the velvet and chiffon may likewise be varied. A striking alliance is Persian lamb and Guards red. Note the conical chiffon crown of the model in the centre of the group, reinforced with a softly draped scarf. On the right is a true Cossack model, the drapery being of a deep blue velvet. The old-world sailor has inspired the hat on the left, the fur indicates that the designer was thinking of our Allies

"Interchangeable" is a word that is in frequent use. Jaeger, 204, Regent Street, are making a feature of suits that may be easily varied. They have "odd" skirts in tweeds, casual coatees in mohair, wool, whipcord and camel-hair, as well as twin sets and long coats. Therefore, women may select the individual garments and build up an ensemble for themselves. Think of the way in which the tweed outfit below may be varied: in its present form it consists of a short blue coat, the pockets and collar faced with check; the long coat and skirt are checked. It is regretted that it cannot be shown how very cleverly the coat silhouettes the figure





SARA

Essentially practical button through frock. A contrasting collar trims the neck and its plain leather belt matches the buttons. Made in close woven wool material.

In Black, Navy and Brown.
Sizes: 38-43 hips.

7 Gns.

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Colours: Rose Red, Blue, Brown, Turquoise and Black. Hips: 38 to 43. **7 Gns.**
With long sleeves 10/6 extra. 7 Coupons.



VERONICA

A new and charming idea for a short or long restaurant frock. The wide shoulder sleeves are heavily embroidered in multi colours showing up the simplicity of the gown with its rucked and stiffened belt. In Black, Wine, Blue and Brown. Short length

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Also unlined (MB. 70) same price. (7 coupons)



Slippers with the strength of shoes but a comfort that only belongs to really good slippers. You can do almost anything but play golf in them; they're indispensable in emergency! Norwegian style in Tan Calf warmly lined fur fabric. Stout leather soles and heels. Sizes and half-sizes 3's to men's 12's **32/6** (MB. 67)

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"...and every man in this regiment has the same chance of rising to my position..."

AFTER interviewing several candidates for the vacant ministry, the elders of a Scottish church decided upon one very eloquent preacher, who happened to be short and stout.

"And what do you think of the new minister, Donald?" one of the elders asked the beadle.

"No' sa much," was the dour reply.

"Dear me!" The elder was concerned, because Donald was regarded as a good judge of a sermon. "What was wrong with him?"

Donald drew up his long, thin figure as he replied:

"His trousers winna fit me!"

LITTLE Susan had just been tucked up in bed for the night and her mother was tiptoeing from the room when a small voice stopped her.

"Mummy, when I die, will I go to Heaven?"

"Yes, dear."

"When Fido dies, will he go to Heaven, Mummy?"

"I suppose so, dear."

Similar questions about the cat and canary were answered, but when the child asked about the cow, the exasperated mother replied: "No."

She had just reached the door when the same little voice said: "Mummy, we'll have to go to Hell for the milk."

THE alert had sounded, and the husband jumped out of bed, calling to his wife to get up.

She delayed and he grew impatient.

"What on earth are you hanging about for?" he asked.

"I've lost my false teeth," she replied.

"Well, never mind them," retorted the husband. "It's bombs their dropping, not sandwiches."

DURING the middle of the first act, the author of a recent Broadway play approached the producer. He pointed down the aisle.

"Look!" he whispered excitedly. "There's the most important dramatic critic in town—and he's fast asleep. Our play is sunk!"

The producer shook his head.

"Don't jump at conclusions," he replied. "Maybe, he'll give his dream a good review!"

THE savage African tribe of Ubangis have a habit of stretching the lips of their women around circular wooden disks until finally they become about eight inches in size, sticking right out from their faces like two plates.

One very hot day two Ubangis girls met in the jungle. One of them stuck her face close to that of the other, and rapidly repeated:

"Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppercorns! Now you fan me for a while."

IT was midnight. Two ghosts were alone in a deserted house when suddenly they heard a noise in the next room. One of the ghosts, trembling, turned to the other and queried: "Do you believe in people?"

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1., to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

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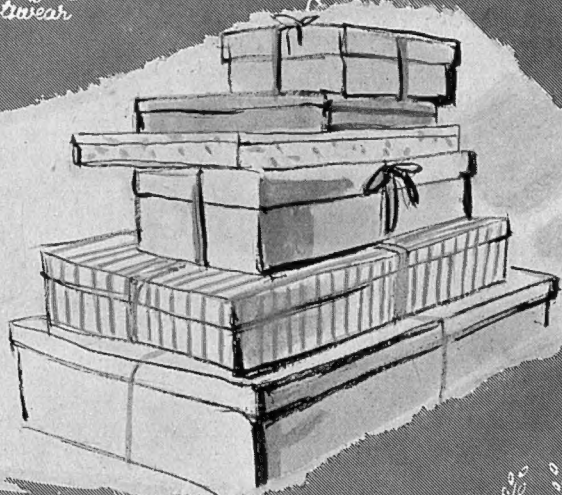
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of gaiety and hope . . .
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resist the temptation to buy those nameless,
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to your beauty.



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Tell me, mirror, must I grow old? I used to be so proud of my skin. But nowadays I've so little time! . . . It isn't time you need for a beautiful skin. It's proper treatment! (says the face in the mirror). First, you want CRÈME SIMON—the different skin-food, used in a different way while the skin is damp. It keeps the tissues young and supple. Then CRÈME SIMON M.A.T.—the different foundation cream, which prevents shine and grease forming . . .

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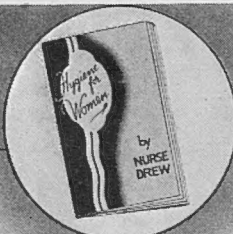
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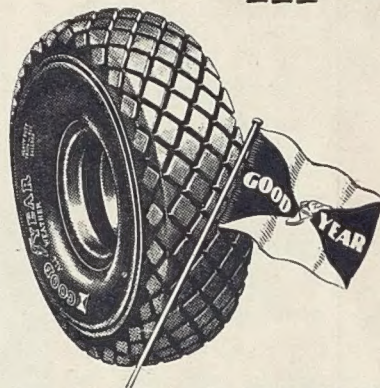
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